SAMPLE COPIES Sent Free to any Address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week, 106,000.

VOLUME LV. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1887. NUMBER 49.

Poetry.

For the Blade.

A PICTURE.

ROLAND A. NICHOLS.

Only an idle moment,
Only a thoughtless son,
Spurning a mother's counsel,
And the work of ruin begun.

Only a small beginning,
"A glass for friendship's sake,"
That will lead him on to his ruin,
And many a tear-drop make.

Only a mother weeping
For a reckless, wayward son;
All of her bright hopes shattered
And fading, one by one.

Only a bar-room quarrel;
A fight that began in fun.
The fatal blow is given,
And the fearful work is done.

Only a heart-broken mother,
Homeless, and roaming the street.
Only a newly made grave,
And there is the picture—complete.

For the Blade.

TWO GRAVES.

BY M. A.

Years agone, a maiden wandered
In a church-yard—drear and old,
Conning o'er the marble tablets—
Weeping for the tales they told;

And at last her weary foot-steps
Paused beside a little mound
Overgrown with reeds and rushes—
Parting them, a name she found,

And below, in words so tender,
Told of broken hearts and drear—
These the words the maiden pondered:
"Many hopes lie buried here."

Years have passed, and in a city
Walks that maiden, but her brow
Is not free from care and sorrow,
For she is a mother now.

Glancing down a look of horror
Steals upon that care-worn face,
For beside her feet is lying
Not a child in death's embrace,

But a boy in drunken slumber,
One she taught to kneel in prayer
Night and morn, ere sin had blighted
Form and face of beauty rare.

Wild with grief, she kneels beside him,
Calling loud his name so dear.
"Oh! my child!" she wails in anguish;
Many hopes are buried here."

And thus it is, in hearts about us
Hopes are buried day by day,
By the cup of demon's brewing,
And Christians sleep upon the way.

Rouse, ye mighty temperance legion,
Battle bravely for the right
Ere the sun of souls about us
Shall go down in darkest night.

Mt. Vernon, Mo.

Our Story Teller.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

BY FLORA M'DONALD.

"Teddy," imperatively cried Baptistine Borthwick to her brother, who was hurrying through the room in search of his hat, "come here, and take a good, square look at me. Do you see anything gentlemanly about this countenance?" holding up a dimpled, pink and white face for inspection. "Do you notice a fierce, manly glare in this beautiful orb of mine, any signs of an incipient mustache beneath this Grecian nose? Do you detect *anything* about me that would lead you to suppose that I am not a girl?"

"Nothing," answered Teddy, absently, espying his hat under the sofa and reaching after it.

"Listen to this," said Tina, unfolding a letter:

MISS BAPTISTINE BORTHWICK, CLARKSON, N. J.—I have accepted many of the sketches written by you, and they have appeared from time to time in my department of the *Argus*. Serious doubts are entertained by the women in our corps as to your identity. They, myself also, are inclined to believe that you are a man *en masque*. Will you kindly put our minds at rest and oblige. Very truly yours,

MARIA WENTWORTH.

"Hear that, will you? As if it were not bad enough to be a girl without having some young man's soul in with my thoughts of what might have been by the world insisting that you must be a man! That letter is the sixth of its kind. O, if it were only so!" she sighed.

"But it isn't," said Teddy, stoically.

"No," replied Tina, shaking her head dolefully. Then, suddenly brightening, "But it shall be. I am going to be one—do you see?"

"Through a glass darkly. How do you expect to turn yourself into a man on the word go?"

"Stupid! simply enough, by just saying that I am one. I shall write to Maria, and meekly confess that my sex has been found out. I shall commit her keen powers of discernment, solicit the favor of a correspondence with her, make her fall in love with me—in short"—with a Micawber flourish—"I shall amuse myself. Away to your fishing, my boy,"—dismissing Teddy—"I am burning to write my letter."

Teddy disappeared, saying warningly, "When small girls don't die young they sometimes get killed."

But Tina, unheeding, dashed off the following:

MY DEAR MISS WENTWORTH—Yours of the 17th inst. was received this morning, and I may as well own up like a man to the fact that I am one. There is no use trying to disguise myself, for your keen powers of discernment render all such attempts futile. I ought to rejoice in the condition of my existence, and I do. I would not have you think that my masquerading was prompted by any weak longing to be what I tried to seem. It was not. My admiration of your sex is only equalled by my commiseration for the same. The narrow confines of the sphere allowed by society to woman I firmly believe cramp the minds and capabilities of many noble souls, and make life keen torture. A consciousness of what they might be, always contrasted with what the world permits them to be, is a source of infinite misery. I adopted the character of woman for various reasons, as much as anything, through mere curiosity to see what the outcome would be. I still desire to maintain the disguise before others, and humbly request that you do not reveal my identity to those who are not blessed with the keen perceptive powers which distinguish you, not alone in the penetration of my mask, but which so markedly characterize the bright and original productions of your facile pen. I have long been a sincere admirer of your style of composition, and nothing would delight me more than to receive now and then a bit addressed to me alone—in other words, if you will graciously permit me to write to you, and will honor my efforts with reply, I assure you I shall esteem it a great favor, and will exert myself to the utmost to make the exchange as agreeable to you as I am sure it will be to me. Trusting I shall receive a speedy and, I hope, favorable reply to my perhaps presumptuous request, I am, sincerely yours,

GEORGE NICHOLS,
(Baptistine Borthwick).

"There," said Tina, triumphantly, "is this Johnsonian style of gallantry does not completely captivate the heart of Miss Maria Wentworth, than I am a great deal duller than I fancy I am. I have sympathized with her, and nothing touches the heart of a woman so quick as to groan with her over her lot, and make her think that you consider her altogether too big for the niche society permits her to stand in. I have complimented her, and don't know from my own experience that anything takes the affections of a woman easier!"

Half an hour later saw Tina jauntily attired, tripping down to the office with her letter, and the next morning saw the same letter in the hands of her for whom it was intended.

Miss Maria Wentworth was in her office sitting with one leg over the arm of her chair, and smoking a very fragrant Havana. She was becomingly attired in a dark business suit of men's clothes, cut after the latest approved style, and as she finished reading the letter, she leaned back, blew a big cloud of smoke from her mouth, and burst into a hearty laugh. "What a sell, by the immortals!" she cried, slapping her leg as a man does when he feels peculiarly well satisfied with himself, and then a decidedly manly laugh echoed through the room again.

The following Monday Tina's wicked, maneuvering little soul was delighted by the appearance of a letter, addressed to George Nichols, Esq., in the execrable handwriting common to literary women. Opening it she read:

"MY DEAR MR. NICHOLS: It is with some slight misgivings as to the propriety of the act that I reply to yours of last week. I am nothing, however, if not independent, and I take a naughty delight in snapping my fingers in the stern face of Mother Grundy (Dear girl made after my own heart. So do I.). To be candid with you, I entertain a supreme contempt for many of the edicts of that venerable dame, and I consider myself, in numerous cases, quite as competent to judge of right and wrong as she. (Dangerous practice, my child, I must correct you.) I knew that I could not be mistaken in supposing that you are what you confess yourself to be—my brother, instead of my sister. The vigorous manner in which you express yourself, and the liberal views you take of all questions, plainly bespeak the man. (But vigorous manner and liberal views, dear girl, have been known to lie.) The petty side of a woman's character very soon asserts itself, and as you say, where nobility does exist, the world imposes a mask, and propriety demands its suppression. It is lovely of you to sympathize with my sex. (Didn't I tell you?) Few men do. Your sympathy is especially dear to me. I am so often depressed with the burdens circumstances impose upon us. I would like to accomplish something great in the world, but in the face of the recognized order of things I feel that I am powerless. I know my weakness, (don't mind, frail creature, lean on my strong right arm). So you know, Mr. Nichols, (call me George, Maria) it seems as if you had always been my friend; I can talk so freely and kindly to you. I believe there is an affinity between some souls, (yes, my child, and we have found one). I trust that your contribution to our paper will continue as heretofore. I shall not reveal your identity to any one. I glory in the sole possession of a secret, (just like a woman!) Believe me, sincerely yours,

MARIA WENTWORTH.

"Poor Maria!" sighed Tina. "Susceptibility, thy name is woman! I shall immediately sit down and write a lengthy moral essay on the aptitude possessed by women for making fools of themselves. Now, how does that girl know what I am? I may be the greatest scoundrel living—she cannot tell—and why will girls so recklessly confide in unknown men, and place themselves in the power of possible scamps. Thank goodness! I have never done it myself. But you, Maria, need have no fears. Luckily, you have encountered a gentleman of honor. I shall jealously guard your fair name. No spot shall be breathed upon it by me."

"Ha! from dear George," exclaimed Maria Wentworth, tearing open a gentlemanly-looking missive, addressed to her in a bold, round hand.

MY DEAR MARIA:—May I call you so? Say yes; please grant me the permission. Miss Wentworth is so very formal. (Yes, yes, with all my heart, yes.) Your delightful letter came to hand about a week ago. It is an honest fact that I held my breath during the interim which followed my daring request, and only drew it again when I found that instead of rising up in awful indignation and deliberately and ruthlessly snubbing me for my presumption, you with charming grace agreed to our correspondence. I cannot tell you how greatly I value your kindness, nor how much I admire the refreshing frankness with which you express your contempt for the shams of society. I glory in your independence, and yet I fear for you. The world looks with an uncharitable eye upon the woman who swerves one hair's breadth from the beaten track, and shows her no mercy if by chance she falls by the way (attempting the missionary, is the youth? Well, I am a vast field for reform.) Do not for a moment imagine that I apprehend any ill consequences from your broad-gauged way of looking at long-established customs. I trust implicitly in the sound judgment you display, to keep you secure from all evil. This rare faculty of judging well, combined with the liberal sentiments which your intellect is formed, make you, if you will forgive me for being frank, my ideal of a truly noble woman. (Thanks, Georgie! awfully kind of you to say so.) I think seriously of visiting the city for the especial purpose of beholding you face to face, and of gazing into the translucent depths of your dark eyes—you have dark eyes, have you not? (Yes my boy, and a moustache to match.) I have pictured you pictured to myself and I long to see how closely the ideal coincides with the reality (not very close, young man, I'm afraid). If you can be so altogether delicious through the medium of a letter, I tremble for the safety of my heart when brought into your immediate presence. (Waxing rather intense for a second letter, young man), I fully sympathize with you in feeling that we must have known each other always. Do you recall that Mme. de Stael says? that we carry in our hearts an innate image of him we are to love, and that when we meet the heart instantly recognizes its own. Possibly, who knows? but let time tell. (What time will tell you little know, my son.) Write me soon, and write at length. I shall live for your letters alone. Your sincere admirer, GEORGE NICHOLS.

"I'll change the time to one month," said Maria, complacently stroking her mustache. "Never guessed I was so attractive before. Thirty days hence date, George Nichols applies for the hand of Maria Wentworth. I am afraid, George,"—regarding her large shapely hand pensively, "that you will get more than you expected. But you can have it, my boy, you can have it."

Letters were interchanged between the two parties, growing more and more fervent, until Maria ejaculated one day, "Blamed if I'm not getting mixed up on my own identity. I begin to think I must be Maria, and being Maria, I am in love with George;" and Tina said ruefully to Teddy, "Teddy, my own, you don't know any arrangement whereby I could be myself and still another, so that I might live in a country cottage with and marry my cherished Maria? I believe I am falling in love with the girl. At all events, I must bring matters to a climax and to an end. I shall propose."

The same day, the following letter was forwarded to Maria:

"MY DARLING: You penetrated my disguise once before, and I was confident that you must have done so again. You know that this mask of mere friendship covers, but does not conceal, a heart consumed with love for you. You know, you must have seen from the first, that you are to me what none other ever can be. I love you with all my heart and soul and strength, every pulsation of my heart, every throb of my brain love you with a love I had never dreamed possible. You are my ideal. Without you, the cold world is naught but death. Shall I live or must I die? Shall my love be the cradle of a new life, or the coffin of my soul? Tell me, sweetheart, do you love me? Will you be mine, mine to wear upon my breast forever. Do not write. I will come for my answer. You may expect me next week. THINE OWN.

"Now, Teddy, be a good boy while I am gone," said Tina, airily, as she walked down the platform at the depot. "Valise, umbrella, veil, purse, shawl—all here. And the check for my trunk—where did I put it? Did you give it to me? Yes, here it is in my pocket. If you will be an extraordinarily good boy, dear, I may marry Maria while I am gone and bring a sister home to you."

"Ten to one she is some sour old maid, who wears false hair and false teeth," said Teddy chuckling.

"Perish the thought!" exclaimed Tina, as she entered the car. "No sour old maid could produce the sweetness on paper that my Maria does. I suppose that girl would kill me if she should ever find me out. It was a rather mean thing to do," she owned contritely.

"You will be paid back, somehow. See if you aren't. Good-bye. Don't stay any longer than you want to," and with this mild entreaty to return soon, Teddy kissed his sister and was off.

Radiant in a puzzling combination of lace and satin, maid which pretty, dimpled arms, a plump, white neck, and a bright face shone forth conspicuous, was Tina enjoying her first grand ball in the city.

"Miss Bor—something, Mr. Gi—something," pronounced Tina's hostess, in the foreign tongue peculiar to persons who are giving introductions, and to brake-men in calling the names of stations. A pleasant greeting was exchanged, each wondering what the other's name was, and presently they were whirling down the room together.

"You are a stranger in our city, I believe," said Mr. Giles in his best style.

"Yes, I'm a long way from home," gayly answered Tina. "It is delightful, too—not being away from home exactly, but things here, generally. I live in the backwoods, you know."

"Or did not know, and never would dream," gallantly returned Mr. Giles.

"Yes you would if you saw me without my war-paint on, as Teddy calls it. I am frightfully tanned, and Teddy says I have an awful muscle for a girl."

"Who is Teddy, pray?"

"My brother, at once the plague and the joy of my life."

"How he must miss you," said Mr. Giles compassionately.

"Poor boy, I know he does. It is so dull in Clarkstown. What is the matter? Are you going to have a fit?" she inquired anxiously.

"No imminent danger, I guess. What made you think so?"

"You jumped in such an alarming manner."

"So you live in Clarkstown, do you?" said Mr. Giles, meditatively.

"Such is my misfortune."

"You don't happen to know anybody there by the name of Nichols—George Nichols?"

It was Tina's turn to jump. "Nichols? no, not anybody. Why?" said she, flushing guiltily, and wondering what he knew.

"It is of no consequence. I have a friend who often speaks of him, and I was a little curious, that is all."

After a somewhat lengthy silence, during which Tina had been scrutinizing Mr. Giles' face, she burst forth with, "You look honest."

"Thank you, young lady. I hope I am."

"You look as if you could be trusted."

"No one ever better."

"I am going to tell you something, if in return you will enlighten me, and will swear eternal secrecy to all I say."

"I swear it," he said solemnly, whereupon Tina laughingly related her experience with Maria Wentworth. Mr. Giles could scarcely refrain from a proionged whistle of astonishment and incredulity when she made her exposures. But by a mighty effort he contained himself. She concluded with, "Now I want you to tell me all about Maria. You say that you know her."

Mr. Giles gazed pensively into vacancy and began, "Do you recall what Mme. de Stael says? that we carry in our hearts an innate picture"—

"Did she show you my letters?" indignantly demanded Tina, interrupting him. But unheeding, Mr. Giles continued. "We carry in our hearts an innate picture of him we are to love, and when we meet the heart instantly recognizes its own! George, dear, has your heart gone blind?"

"Did you—were you—have you?" gasped Tina, and stopped short, overcome by the enormity of her discovery.

"I did, I was, I have," laughed Mr. Giles, mimicking her, "and I feel as if I had always known you, George. I believe there is an affinity—"

"Keep still," commanded Tina. "But I don't care," she cried triumphantly, "you thought I was a man."

"And you thought I was a girl," returned Giles.

"And we have both made simpletons of ourselves," said Tina, decidedly.

"Speak for yourself, sir, and don't talk insultingly to a lady. Now that I see you, George, I am rather glad that you are a girl," said Giles, regarding her admiringly. Then, pensively, "Do you fancy my dark eyes, dear?"

"Do you notice traces of my manly vigor?" replied Tina, saucily.

"George!"

"Maria!"

"I received that last letter and I suppose you want your answer. Come, now, confess that you are pining to know your fate. How would you feel to be refused? Are you quite sure you love me? Do you want me for your own, to wear—"

"Please, don't," interrupted Tina, blushing furiously.

"I will not, dear; I will not keep you in suspense another moment. I do love you; I am thine. Take me, George, take me."

But before Tina could properly accept the gift which she had solicited, her partner claimed her for the next dance, and she made her escape. It was a temporary one, however. When she returned home, Teddy's greeting was, "What did I tell you—old maid and sour."

"Wrong," promptly responded Tina; "young man and sweet. Teddy, you are to have a brother, and his name is Maria."

A STRANGE CASE.

A Patient in the Hospital at San Francisco Whose Heart Can be Seen.

There is a singular case in the City and County hospital, says the *Alta California*, which rivals in its strangeness that of the celebrated Alexander St. Martin, who, it will be remembered, had a hole torn in his side by the discharge from a gun, through which the interior of the stomach could be plainly seen and the process of digestion watched. By this means the digestibility of different foods was determined, and for many years St. Martin has been the cause celebre of medical science. The case before referred to, that of Edgar Jackson, also a Canadian, rivals St. Martin's. He is a native of New Brunswick, 26 years old, and up to two years ago was employed in the shingle mills of Humboldt county, in this state.

Twelve months ago he was seized with an attack of pleurisy, which was treated with indifferent success in this country, and when he came into the County Hospital here his lungs were suffused with water and pus. By means of a hollow needle and a pump attached, technically known as an aspirator, his chest was tapped 25 times, and in all eight gallons of water were drawn off.

Still the effusion continued, and as pus was forming, the attending physician saw the necessity for prompt action, and determined to take a rib from the thin side. An incision was made in the left side over six inches in length, severing the third, fourth and fifth ribs, portions of each rib being taken off, so that the opening would not close. Through this the water and pus made their escape freely, and the patient's life was considered for the time safe.

It was found that the pressure of the water on the left lung had forced that organ into the upper part of the thorase cavity, and it had solidified, leaving the heart and its surrounding membrane, the pericardium, exposed to view. At present the patient is getting on nicely, and, if no accident occurs, will make a complete recovery, although he will have lost the use of his left lung. A reporter saw the wound dressed yesterday. Into the gaping hole in the side was pumped about a quart of soap and water, which bubbled and foamed under the pressure from the contraction and expansion of the right lung. Turning on his side, the water flowed from the hole, and there in full sight was the heart, every pulsation plainly perceptible, the systole and diastole, the contraction and expansion of the human engine, which has forever puzzled philosophers, and which will continue to do so, in full view. It is safe to say that never before have the inner workings of the human frame been so exposed to view with so little apparent inconvenience to the subject. He says he suffers no pain, and looks forward to a good recovery.

A PERFECT WOMAN.

Her Thirty Points, According to the Spanish, and Her Fifteen, According to the American.

It was a very old Spanish writer who said that "a woman is quite perfect and absolute in beauty if she has thirty good points." Here they are.

Three things white—the skin, the teeth, the hands.

Three black—the eyes, the eyebrows, the eyelashes.

Three red—the lips, the cheeks, the nails.

Three long—the body, the hair, the hands.

Three short—the teeth, the ears, the feet.

Three broad—the chest, the brow, the space between the eyebrows.

Three narrow—the mouth, the waist, the instep.

Three large—the arm, the loin, the limb.

Three fine—the fingers, the hair, the lips.

Three small—the bust, the nose, the head.

Well suppose she has all these good physical points, she would still not be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," unless she had the following intellectual and moral points:

1. Intelligence.
2. Mildness of temper.
3. Modesty.
4. A kind disposition.
5. Ability to wash and iron a shirt.
6. A willingness to sew on a button.
7. Patience.
8. A soft melodious voice.
9. Gentleness.
10. Courage.
11. Faith that knows no faltering.
12. A buoyant hope.
13. Cleanliness of person.
14. Taste in dress.
15. A loving heart.

Compensations.

Life is full of compensations. The man who is short usually has a long face.

The man who comes into the city green generally goes back blue.

The woman who loses her temper finds her tongue.

The man who has a "crick" in his neck is in no danger of dying of thirst.

The man who has no opera-glass at the theater is just as well off as the man who has one and is seated behind a row of women wearing high-crowned hats.

The bald man never has his hair pulled

A heavy bank account amply offsets a light head.

He who has much to lose oft loses sleep
Considering how he best his wealth can keep:
He who has naught to lose, from worry free,
Goes to his couch and slumbers peacefully.

The Poor Pig and Relentless Fate.

"Pigpens close to the well or close to the house," says the *Farmer's Friend*, "mean death." You bet; death to the pig. It's pretty hard to locate the pen so as to change this fatal significance, too.—*Burdette.*

The Minister Wanted a Fair Show.

Two young men of Waycross, Ga., visited a country church, rather primitive in its customs, and when the boys took seats with the girls, the minister requested them to "promenade to their places," and the boys, much against their wishes, had to find seats on the male side of the house.

WITH THE CHILDREN.

Bright Fancies and Odd Speeches of the Little Ones.

AN OLD SUBJECT.

A small American damsel of four years being once chided by a grown-up sister for talking of marriage—with the admonition that little girls should not think of getting married—replied, with the utmost amazement at her elder sister's ignorance: "Why, I thought about it when I was only two!"

"A ROUGH TRANSLATION."

"The father of a little three-year old Boston boy is traveling in the South, and in a recent letter home said that, learning that Georgie had not been a good boy during his absence, he would square accounts with him on his return. The mother read that part of the letter to the youthful misdemeanorist, and the latter subsequently told a neighbor what the father had written. "What did your father mean?" asked the neighbor. "A spankin', I spec'," was the reply

DID THE "HEAVY BUSINESS."

"Mamma," said a little six-year-old girl the other day, "I'm so tired and sleepy. I wish you would put me to bed right now."

"Why, my dear, what makes you so worn out to-night?"

"Oh, it's 'cause we've been playing Buffalo Bill all day, and I've been the buffalo."

AN EXTENSION OF THE IDEA.

"Papa," said a bright little miss to her father, a prominent business man, who had taken his family out for a day in the woods to pick autumn leaves, "what makes that funny noise up in the tree?"

"Why, that's a red-headed woodpecker."

"Where's the white horse?" was the paralyzing inquiry.

A gray squirl flashed passed the party and the father was at peace.

APPROVED AND ADOPTED.

A Hartford youngster goes to church where the concluding amen of the parson's prayer is sung by the choir. The other night, after he had said his prayers, he produced a harmonic from beneath his pillow and astonished his mother by blowing a blast where the amen came in, remarking, "That's the way we do in church."

SUSPICIOUS ASSOCIATION.

An Auburn miss of three summers saw a funeral procession the other day and earnestly asked her mother if the man on top of the hearse was the one who killed the people he carried away inside it.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Our very wise and correct Miss Pansy, 8 years old, recently heard her grandfater read a newspaper item to the effect that some eccentric old man had established a hospital for six horses, whereupon Miss Pansy speaks: "I have often heard plain people say 'horsepital' for 'hospital,' but that would be right if they were speaking of the one grandfather was reading about."

A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.

"Mamma, can't Fred stop talking and go to sleep? I've said my prayer six times now, and I don't want to talk any more, and have to say it again."

"Can't you talk without saying your prayers over again?" replied Eddie's mamma.

"No, mamma; doesn't the prayer say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?' If we lie down to sleep we don't talk, do we?"

ENOUGH TO DO.

First little girl: "My father is an editor, what does your father do?" Second little girl: "Whatever mamma tells him."

PAPA'S LITTLE WEAKNESS DENOUNCED.

A three-year-old showed an appreciation of things the other day. "Won't you give me a kiss, dear?" coaxed a lady. "I don't want to," said the little one. "Oh, give the lady a kiss, Florence," said her father. "Oo kiss her, papa, oo like to."

The Surplus and the Message.

"Dan," said the President to Col. Lamont, "we've got our message all right now, except the surplus. What shall we say about that?"

"Really I don't know," said Col. Dan. "It's a puzzler. I've been thinking about it for a week, and I can't make up my mind."

"It has bothered me awfully," said the President. "I haven't been able to sleep for two nights on account of it and a little touch of the rheumatism that I've got. There's something about it in the cyclopedia. Go into the next room and bring the S. volume."

"I don't believe," said Col. Dan, "that there is anything about the surplus in the cyclopedia."

"Yes there is," said the President. "I was looking at it a few days ago. It's there sure. Just bring me the book."

Col. Dan, after an absence of five minutes, returned with the S. volume of the Cyclopedia.

"Now," said the President, "just open it at S-u-r, and you'll find what we're after."

Col. Dan did as requested, and, after a few moments' examination, said: "The only thing I can find that is spelled anything near what we want is S-u-r-p-l-i-c-e. That is described as a clergyman's gown, and so forth. What we are after is S-u-r-p-l-u-s, and there's nothing about that in the book."

"Well," said the President, "I must have been mistaken. It seems to me that if I got out a Cyclopedia I'd put things in it that people want to look about. I guess we'll have to work it out ourselves."

How to Get a Policeman When You Want Him.

A writer for the Buffalo *Express* heard, or says that he heard, a countryman thus explain the police patrol boxes in that city: "You see, the people in town here want a policeman sometimes, and by golly! whenever they did want one, or if there was a fight goin' on anywheres, the policemen would all run away and hide, 'cause they don't want to arrest anybody. So, they put these little iron boxes on the corners and they put a policeman in each one of them, so that he can't run away, and then the town folks all carry a key to the boxes and can go and find a policeman whenever they want one."

Just a Reminder.

"Something strange happened over at my thouse this morning," said Governor Oglesby quietly to a political gentleman the other day.

"And waat was that?"

"Why, I had my boots blackened by a man who may yet be suggested as an available candidate for the Presidency."

"Indeed! That is strange. How did it happen?"

"Well, you see, all my servants were busy about other things."

Graphic But Untimely.

A certain Sunday school superintendent goes to see little Ciara's big sister quite often.

"Children," said he to the school last Sunday, "we are told in your leaflets to-day to love the Lord. Do you know what 'love' is?"

"It's when you hug my sister in the parlor, sir," spoke up Clara from the front row.

Making It Easy to Look Pleasant.

"Now," said the photographer, "are you ready?"

"Yes," replied the customer.

"Well, keep your eyes on this spot," he said, pointing to a place on the wall where was inscribed in large letters "Possitively no credit," "and try to look pleasant."

Coals of Fire.

"So Snipeworthy has gone with a circus, eh?"

"Yes, drawing a big salary I hear."

"What is his specialty?"

"He is the iron-jawed man."

"He is? I never knew he had unusually powerful jaws."

"You might have known it. He talks Russian and Volupuk as fluently as he speaks English."

Bright Prospects of Promotion.

"Pa," said little Johnny, "teacher is thinking about promoting me."

"How do you know?"

"From what she said to-day."

"And what was that?"

"She said that if I kept on I'd belong to the criminal class."—*Merchant Traveller.*

He Was Admitted.

St. Peter—Who are you?

"I'm a lawyer."

"Did you ever move a jury to tears?"

"No."

"You were eloquent and able, though?"

"No."

"Enjoyed a large practice?"

"No."

"Present this check on the inside and they will give you a crown."

THE STORY OF A LOVE NOT BLIGHTED.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

PART I.

The village of Woodbourne had no prettier girl, nor brighter girl, than Mary Eldridge,—in fact, no village in this or any other country ever had a brighter or more beautiful girl. She did not live in the village because her father, Captain Eldridge, was an exceedingly wealthy man, and was the owner of Oakland, a most enormous and uncomfortable country residence about four miles from Woodbourne. Still, Woodbourne was ornamented by her presence more than three-fourths of the time, for the reason that her old schoolmate and bosom friend, Ellen Lander, had two years before married Tom Marston, the young lawyer, and Tom Marston lived at Woodbourne, where he was waiting, with the patience of Job, for practice enough to keep him and his pretty wife. Mary Eldridge and Ellen Marston *nee* Lander, had roomed together in the same seminary—had puzzled their heads over the same Latin and French books, had had their manners and shoulders looked after by the same teachers, had quarreled with each other, cried over their quarrels, and kissed and made up, and had loved each other as truly and devotedly as women can love women.

As a matter of course, when Tom Marston wooed and won Ellen, and set up housekeeping in a little cottage, that cottage was Mary's home as often and as long as she chose to occupy it. One room—a dainty little room—was called "Mary's Room," and she occupied it at least three-fourths of the time. Tom loved her only second to his wife, and Ellen was wont, all in fun, of course, to asseverate that he loved her quite as much.

It was very pleasant for Mary to stay there, aside from the companionship of her friends, Oakland was an immense house, too large to be comfortable even in the summer, when the surroundings of trees and grass and flowers lent their charms to make it pleasant; but in winter, when the trees were bare, and the ground was brown, and the flowers were not, ugh! it was horrible. A country place is not for winter.

Besides the house and its surroundings, Mrs. Captain Eldredge, her mother, was not the most pleasant person in the world to be with in a house of enormous size. She was a very tall woman—tall and stately. She was a stern, severe woman, with a cold gray eye, a thin lip drawn tightly over her teeth, and an air of determination that nothing could stay in any course that she might adopt. She was a taciturn woman—a woman who said little, but who meant every word that something. She had a will,—there was but little doubt of it. Capt. Eldridge discovered that fact early in his marital experience. Had she been a man, she would have been a Cromwell. She had her path marked out always in advance, and that path she trod, no matter who or what should be crushed under her feet.

Mrs. Capt. Eldridge knew very few people, and cared to know but few. She lived for herself, and with herself. She had not lived with her husband for years. Capt. Eldridge had followed the sea for years. He had been a captain in the merchant service; he was the captain of a merchant vessel when he married his wife. He discovered the terrible temper she possessed very early in his matrimonial career, but for several years it did not trouble him to any extent. He endured it because he had but little of it to endure. His voyages sometimes would occupy three years of time, and his stays at home were frequently not longer than three weeks. The love his wife had for him would keep temper and will in restraint for three weeks, and by the time the love began to go under, and the temper come to the surface, he would be gone.

This was all very well till the time came when he should quit the sea, and settle down to a more quiet life. Little Mary, who was his delight, was very rapidly outgrowing the qualifying adjective "little," and the captain had arrived at the time of life when he tired of storm and excitement, and longed for a quiet home, a fireside, a table and friends. So he purchased Oakland and built the enormous house, and with his wife and Mary settled on it.

Mary was eight years of age when this happened. She was a beautiful girl, but totally unlike either her father or mother. Captain Eldridge was a tall, swarthy man with black hair and black eyes, and Mrs. Eldridge was also dark, with hair and eyes of the same color. Both were tall, dark and stout. Mary, on the other hand, was a slender, mixed blonde. Her hair was an intense auburn—so intense that in sunlight it was almost a red. Her complexion was light, and her figure was little and supple. She was in all points precisely the opposite of her parents,—so unlike them, indeed, as to occasion remark among the friends of the family. "Where did she get her hair?" and "Where did she get those blue eyes?" were common remarks. Captain Eldridge said nothing to this, save to catch the winsome girl in his arms and cover her with kisses, which were of that warmth and frequency that demonstrated the fact that to him the hair and eyes—the body under the one and the soul behind the other—were quite enough for him, without any particular enquiry as to where the possessor got them.

Well would it have been for the bluff captain if everything about his house had been as pleasant to him as was Mary; but everything was not pleasant,—in fact, one thing about the mansion was unendurable, and that one thing was his wife.

She had will—she had temper; and when that temper was aroused, the iron will never failed to come promptly to its aid. Then would the aquiline nose assume more and more the form of a beak—then would the thin lips cling tighter to the teeth; then would the gray eye glittter in a hard coldness, like the moon on ice; then would the long, slender fingers clasp themselves, the nails sinking into the flesh, and when these phenomena had taken place, its cause had one of two things to do: yield to her, or kill her. The idea that she should ever yield never once occurred to her.

Capt. Eldridge was in a most uncomfortable situation. He had opinions of his own, and views of his own, on all topics. He had been a *commander* for thirty years, and he could not meekly take the position of first lieutenant in his own house. So they quarreled as a matter of course. It galled him to yield; he could not kill her, so he lived a most miserable life. He would turn from the stern, implacable woman to his daughter, and find in her relief from his suffering.

But it could not endure forever. Six months after his setting on shore, a storm raged between them for a week, and it ended in the captain packing his trunk, kissing Mary a thousand times good-bye, and leaving Oakland forever. He gave his wife the estate, and enough securely invested to support her in comfort, and went to New York to seek a vessel.

There was no trouble in getting one. The shipping merchants knew Captain Eldridge, and in a week he was on the sea, sad, but nevertheless contented. The howling of the winds was nothing to the tongue of his wife, and there was not in the world a rock bound coast so cold and terrible to him as the icy front he had left at Oakland. Could he have had Mary with him, he would have been entirely happy;—as it was, he was simply contented.

PART II.

The exit of Captain Eldridge from his home took place when Mary was eight years of age. The departure of the husband occasioned no especial comment, for the outside world knew nothing of the fierce struggle that had taken place. The people supposed Captain Eldridge had tired of the monotony of home-life, and had gone back to his first love, the sea. At the home he had left, his name was never mentioned. Mrs. Eldridge preserved a grim silence concerning him, and seemed to avoid anything that could in any way bring his name or remembrance of him, to the surface. But Mary remembered him, and the iron-gray head, the great broad, good face was imprinted on her heart of hearts. And the image lost none of its vividness because the reality was away. Neither did time efface any of its lines. She loved her father—she feared her mother, and there was reason for it. The mother had changed towards the child since the departure of its father. Mrs. Eldridge knew intuitively, that down in the girl's heart there was no love for her,—she discovered that fact before the girl herself did. She knew also that the child loved its father, and that father she hated with an intense hatred which only such natures know.

In the meantime Mary was changing. Four years and she was twelve,—eight years and she was a woman, whose early maturity had redeemed the promise of her youth—for she was a beautiful woman.

The seminary in the neighboring city of Stapleton held a vast amount of beauty in solution, but Mary Eldridge was the choicest flower in the bouquet; so thought the teachers, so thought Ellen Lander, her room-mate, and so thought Charles Romain, who had to pass the side of the seminary in which was her room, every day, on his way to and from his business.

Mr. Charles Romain was clearly of the opinion that she was beautiful, for, after seeing her for the first time, he never slept till he procured a meeting with her, and having met with her, he proceeded to fall desperately in love with her, which was a most senseless proceeding, but one eminently natural in young men of that class. He fell in love with her, knowing that the iron woman at Oakland would never consent to his marrying her, even if he could support her—which at that time was an exceedingly doubtful matter. He was the son of an especially poor lawyer who never could get into a paying practice, and who had fought desperately for twenty-five years to keep the wolf from his door.

At the date of which we write the poor man was prostrate in his house with a disease which would doubtless carry him to his grave, and which incapacitated him from doing busidess of any kind.

Charles had studied law, and was admitted, and what little he could do was all that his father and large family had to live upon. He had developed more of business capacity than his father and was securing a little, only a little, business, which did pay something—enough to keep the family in food and clothing.

And this young springal, with this load on his shoulder, not only fell in love with Mary Eldridge, but he so managed matters that she should fall in love with him. Before they knew it, they were as desperately in love with each other as two young people, aged respectively seventeen and twenty-one, could be, and had pledged to each other their solemn faith.

As they made no concealment of their love, it was not long in reaching Mrs. Eldridge.

Now, if Charley Romain had been the most eligible match in the world—if he had been the Russian Grand Duke, had he been the Prince of Wales—a moral Prince of Wales—had he been a German Count with a New Jersey banker,—in short, had he been all that the most inveterate match-making mamma could ask for in a son-in-law, Mrs. Eldridge would have refused her consent. She claimed the sole proprietorship of everything that came under her hand, she claimed the disposition of all her property, and Mary she regarded emphatically as her property. And, in addition, she would do just precisely the opposite of what her husband would have done—she would do precisely what she knew would enrage him, when he should hear of it, that being her only pleasure in life. Hence, when it came to her that Mary had presumed to fall in love with a young man without consulting her, she quietly ordered her home, and quietly directed her to dismiss all thoughts of Mr. Charles Romain, or whatever his name might be, as she had other views for her.

Dismiss all thoughts of him! Why, she might as well have been directed to dismiss all thoughts of living! Mr. Charles Romain, or whatever his name might be," whom she was directed so calmly to tear out of her mind, was a part of her life, and she could no more follow her mother's direction and live, than she could take out her heart and live!

Still, she said nothing. She was stunned, and she retreated to gather herself together for the struggle that she felt certain was coming.

It came soon enough. Mrs. Eldridge moved at once upon her. The very next day she informed Mary that young Mr. Evans, the son of the great land-holder Evans, of Woodbourne, had asked permission to pay his addresses, and that she had not only given him permission, but had encouraged him to hope that success might crown his aspirations.

"The match, Mary, is an eminently advantageous one. Mr. Evans is an only child, and his father is an old man who cannot, in the course of nature, live much longer. At his death, Mr. Robert Evans will be one of the wealthiest men in the country. They have land everywhere. They have great tracts in Ohio, in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and all the Western States. Mr. Robert Evans is the sole heir to an estate which is worth many millions. His father approves of the match,—and I approve of it."

"But, mother," said the girl with a rebellious flush in her face, which prudence was struggling to keep down, "suppose *I* do not approve of it?"

"I have anticipated that. You are young and full of the romance inseparable from youth; but even a romantic young girl ought to know the difference between an alliance with Mr. Robert Evans, with his millions, and Charles Romain, with nothing. You will do as you are directed. Mr. Robert Evans will be here to-night. See that you accord him proper treatment—treatment, I mean, such as you should accore the man who is to be your husband."

And the stern woman swept majestically out of the room, as though the matter was entirely settled, and further discussion was entirely unnecessary.

Mary, however, had an idea that it not settled. First, she burst into tears; then she dried her eyes, and sat in deep thought. Then her little hands clenched, and her teeth set in a manner which boded Madam Eldridge and her plans no good.

"Marry Robert Evans, indeed! *Mister* Robert Evans!—(a sneering emphasis on the "Mister,")—a simpleton five feet four, with his head running back from his eyebrows. Millions

Recent Literature.

"Men, Places and Things," by Professor William Matthews, L. L. D., is published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. Mr. Matthews is a good thinker and vigorous writer, and has said in this volume what is worth the careful reading and study of thinking people, as he has done before in those helpful books, "Hours with Men and Books" and "Words, Their Use and Abuse." "Men, Places and Things," contains 25 or 30 brief essays. He writes in these diversified pages of the wickedness of Napoleon I., the excellence of William Wirt, the energy and "mere talent" of Bulwer, the fecundity and plagiarisms of the elder Dumas, the characteristics of the foremost London preachers of the present time, and, leaving personalities, his pen runs on entertainingly about diaries, the advantages of idleness, worry, courage, cynicism, extremes of dress, causes of divorce, immoral novels, and a dozen other topics.

"The Look-About Club," by Mary E. Banford, is one of the late publications of D. Lothrop Company, Boston. The author of "The Look-About Club" is an enthusiastic student of natural history, and her ability to write a book in that direction has already been exemplified in her volume published last year, "My Land and Water Friends." The young people form a little natural history club with the aim of finding out new facts about animals, insects and other living creatures, and their father presides over their investigations, rendering occasional advice and instruction. The book is very bright and readable, and crammed with curious facts illustrative of the intelligence of the lower orders of animal life.

The same publishers give us "The Russians Novelists" by E. M. de Vogue, translated by Jane Loring Edmonds. Four contemporary authors are treated of, whose works are best known to us through recent translations. These are Gogol, Turgenef, Dostoiecsky and Tolstoi. The pictures which he gives of these men are very vivid ones, showing that they have not aimed at literary fame merely, but are influenced in their works and lives by a love of truth and justice, and a desire to benefit humanity. The translation is a most excellent one, and the volume cannot fail to interest the many who are interested in Russian literature, a taste for which has been largely developed within the last two or three years.

The books upon the war seem to possess an interest that never dies out. That publishers recognize this fact is evident from the number which the leading houses are constantly bringing out. Three have lately been issued by Harper Brothers, New York, handsome volumes and well illustrated. The first of these is a history of the negro troops in the war of the rebellion by George W. Williams, L. L. D., colonel and late judge advocate in the Grand Army of the Republic. It is preceded by a review of the military services of negroes in ancient and modern times. The author in his preface takes pains to inform his readers that he has been a republican and negro because, while many imitatees were in the service, the negros preponderated to an overwhelming degree. The second is a fine volume, entitled, "Drumbeat of the nation," by Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin, giving an account of the first period of the war of the rebellion from its outbreak to the close of 1862. It is profusely illustrated and will be very popular as a boys' book. The third will also be a great favorite with boys. It is entitled "Rose, Foot and Dragoons; Sketches of Army Life at Home and Abroad," with illustrations by the author, Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum. The illustrations, of which there are a great number, are very spirited, and the volumes are a fine addition to the war literature.

The same publishers issue "Wonder Clock," a volume the possession of which would make any average boy or girl "good" for a long time. It contains twenty-four marvellous tales, one for each hour of the day and night, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle, and is embellished with verses by Katharine Pyle. The illustrations are weird enough to make the eyes of little boys and girls bulge with pleased astonishment, and the verses will have an equal fascination for the little ones. The following is a specimen:

One of the clock, and silence deep,
Then up the stairway, black and steep,
The old Housecat comes creepy-creep,
With soft feet goes from room to room,
Her green eyes shining through the gloom,
And finds all fast asleep.

"The Early and Late Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary," an unpretentious volume, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, will be found to well repay perusal. The greater part of these poems have been published from time to time in the various magazines and were collected for publication after the death of Alice and Phœbe Cary. Among the best of those of Alice Cary are "A Norland Ballad," "Pictures of Memory," "Grandmother and Child," "Fire Pictures," and "Nobility." There are only a few of Phœbe Cary's poems in the volume. "Calden Water" is one of the best. "The Sort No" is very quaint and pretty. The volume will be welcome to the lovers of the Cary sisters.

From the same publishers comes a book by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, with the somewhat startling title of "Old Maids, and Burglars in Paradise." These two stories have been much appreciated by the public, and many new readers will enjoy them in the new book in which they now appear, and laugh over the explanation of the queer name under which they go forth into the world. They are in an entirely different vein from most of her works.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. republish for 1888 the Browning, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Whitney, and Whittier calendars, with substantially the same decorated cards as this year, but with a marked change in the arrangement of selections from the authors' writings. These are now grouped in eighths, so that when the last leaf shall be turned, they form a pretty cloth-bound volume of the choicest passages from the works of an illustrious writer. All except the Whitney calendar have portraits and other artistic designs drawn from the authors' residences, or from characters or incidents in their writings. Printed in colors. Price, 50 cents each.

"Burnham Breaker" is a story by Homer Greene, author of "The Blind Brother," which attained considerable popularity. The scene is laid in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, and Burnham Breaker was a mine owned by Robert Burnham, an employer greatly beloved by his men. The opening chapter plunges the reader into the plot which hinges upon the finding by a boy worker in the mines, of his relations. The way in which he is at first thwarted by what might seem the irony of Fate, to be successful later on, is well described. The book is published by T. Y. Crowell, New York.

"My Garden Pets," by Mary Treat, is published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston Price 75 cents. Mary Treat is well known to readers of *Harper's Magazine* as one of the most entertaining writers on plant and insect life who have contributed to the pages of that periodical during its existence. The publishers have been fortunate enough to secure a series of articles from her pen on the habits and intelligence of insects, principally ants and spiders, which they bring out in a pretty little volume with illustrations. Price 75 cents.

The name of John Habberton has become, so familiar through his story of "Helen's Babies," that the announcement of a new book by him is sufficient to challenge immediate interest. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, issue "Country Luck," a story with nothing particularly new in the plot, but very pleasantly told, and one that will pass an hour away in a charming manner.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, issue "Sketch of American Finances," from 1789-1885, by John Watts Kearny. The author has given a careful study of the financial condition of the country at the time mentioned, because, as he says, of the signal ability and sagacity of the government in solving a difficult problem, with the idea that it might assist in the settlement of some of the difficult questions of to-day. Whether that be so or not, the matter is very interesting, and deserves a careful reading.

"Farm Appliances" is a practical manual for farmers edited by George A. Martin and issued by O. Judd Co., New York. With the aid of more than 200 illustrations, some of the greatest improvements by which the work of many men can now be done by one, are explained and farmers, gardeners and householders generally will find much of interest and value in having the volume within reach.

"Poems in Color" come from T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. They are contained in six small volumes with fancy paper, or cloth covers stamped with gold. There are 56 illustrations lithographed by Armstrong & Co., from original designs by W. J. Whittemore. They are named "Sea Pictures," "Sunrise on the Hill," "The Worship of Nature," "I Remember," "To a Waterfowl," and "To a Mountain Daisy." They are put up in a neat little box, and make a very pretty gift for the coming holidays.

"Tony the Maid," is a novelette by Blanch Willis Howard, published by Harper & Brothers, New York. It describes in interesting fashion how a strong-willed little servant maid dominated over a gentle lady who was supposed to be her mistress, but who lacked the force of mind to sustain the character. The characters are strikingly fresh and original. There have been many maids in current fiction, but never such a maid as Tony. The English curate at the Italian watering place is also a new type, but as refreshingly drawn as any of Trollope's. The book is an agreeable addition to light literature.

Six good authorities in practical housekeeping have given their opinions in regard to coffee making in a small pamphlet issued by Clark Bryan & Co., Springfield Mass. They comprise the well-known names of Maria Parlon, Catherine Owen, Marion Harland, Juliet Carson, Mrs. Helen Campbell, and Mrs. D. A. Lincoln. The story of coffee is given by Hester M. Poole. It is a useful little book. Price 25 cents.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, issue a little pamphlet entitled "Miss West's Class in Geography," by Frances C. Sparhawk. It is really a kindergarten way of teaching geography, and will commend itself to the thoughtful instructor everywhere.

"Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks, is a book written in the same vein as "Historical Boys," by the same author. The stories are told of girls who influenced the history of their times, girls who "by eminent position or valiant deeds became historic even before they had passed the charming season of girlhood. The book begins with the grand Zenobia of Palmyra, and ends with Pocahontas of Powhatan, the girl of the Virginia forests. They are full of interest, written in a bright lively style that makes them very interesting. The book is well illustrated. The publishers are G. P. Putnams Sons, New York.

In the Land and Labor Library, published by Henry George, 25 Ann street, New York, is published the pamphlet, "Protection or Free Trade?" by Henry George. Those interested in the pros and cons of this question will find one side of it here thoroughly presented. Price, 35 cents.

William R. Jenkins, of New York, has just issued "Marcus," the third volume of his new edition of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," which he has in publication. It is paper covered and in clear type that renders it easy reading.

In the Globe Library of Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, come "A Puritan Lover," by Laura C. S. Fessenden, and "Texar's Revenge; or North Against South," by Jules Verne. The latter is a story of the civil war. Price of each, 25 cents.

"In Thraldom" is a psychological romance by Leon Mead, published in the Fireside series by J. L. Ogilvie & Company, New York. It is a sensational story of the power the mesmerist may obtain over another, taking away entirely the individuality and making such a person do what he wills.

Literary Notes.

Miss Baylor has an amusing skit, "The Drum-Major," in the December *Lippincott*.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge will write of Hannah More in the "Eminent Women Series."

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish Mr. Froude's new work simultaneously with its appearance in London.

Mrs. Burnett has made the greatest success of her life with her pretty book, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The fortieth thousand is now on the press.

Mr. James Russell Lowell has prepared a paper on Walter Savage Landor for the *Century*. A number of Landor's letters, never yet published, will be printed with it.

Mr. Stevenson will contribute to each number of *Scribner's* during the coming year a paper on topics suggested by the literature and life of the day.

Lee & Shepard have in preparation a work on "The Pre-Glacial Man and the Aryan Race," by Lorenzo Burge, comprising a history of the creation from 3250 B. C. to 1500 B. C.

What is called "something in the form of a play" has been written by Mark Twain, and will soon be published in the *Century*. It is in two languages, and is entitled "Meisterschaft."

Lucas Malet, otherwise the author of that clever if sad novel, "Colonel Enderby's Wife," has written another which is to appear as a serial in *Murray's Magazine*. It will bear the queer title of "A Counsel of Perfection."

A charming little book, "The Little Flowers of Saint Francis of Assisi," has been translated from the Italian by Abby Landgon Aiger, who adds a brief biography of Saint Francis. It will be published by Roberts Bros.

The *Youths' Companion* has added Mr. Gladstone to its list of contributors, and the price for English subscription has been written an article for that popular periodical on "The Future of the English-speaking Races," of which he takes a most cheerful view.

Bret Harte's story in the forthcoming Christmas *Scribner's* is entitled "A Drift from Redwood Camp." The scene of it is on the Pacific coast—the region of his early successes. The hero of it, Shesicks, is said to be an interesting type of the "no account man."

The *Art Age* publishes as a supplement to its November issue, one of the handsomest and most artistic colored plates ever given with an American periodical. The subject is entitled "The Village Belle," and is a fac-simile reproduction of a water color by Percy Moran.

Edwin Arnold's forthcoming volume, "Lotus and Jewel," will contain three long poems: "In an Indian Temple," "A Casket of Gems," and "A Queen's Revenge." The first involves readings from the Upanishads with lyrical interludes, and all are oriental in theme.

Another public man has written a book It has just been announced that Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, the champion of the much-mooted educational bill, has for some time been preparing a work dealing with the subject of alcohol and temperance, and entitled "The Temperance Movement; or, the Conflict Between Man and Alcohol."

Miss Lilian Whiting, of the Boston *Traveler*, is one of the most successful women journalists of the day. Her criticisms of current literature are strong and pungent, while generous and tolerant, and are quoted from liberally in literary reviews.

A Luxury and a Necessity.

Mr. A. G. La Grange writes from Garden City, Minn.: "We have used up the old supply, and want to lay in a new supply for winter use. We do not like to be without it in the house. It is next to bread—is really necessity; in fact, I think all well regulated families will eventually keep it, both as a luxury and a necessity; and when that happens I think a few years will be added to the average duration of human life. My daughter has experienced great benefit from the use of your treatment. Nothing could be more satisfactory."

The reference is to the Compound Oxygen treatment dispensed by Drs. Starkey and Palen, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa. Send for Treatise and Monographs, free to all applicants.

The Main Point Vividly Indicated.

A little Sunday school girl, whose lesson had been about the story of the fiery furnace, was telling her mother about it. "And, mamma," she said, "that naughty king heated an oven just as hot as he could get it, put three good men it, and they wouldn't cook a bit!"

The report of the third assistant postmaster general for the fiscal year, recommends that postage on all second class matter shall be paid by the attachment of adhesive stamps, as is required for all other mail matter, denominations running from one-eighth of a cent, in the case of single pieces, to any required amount for bulk matter, and that only legitimate newspapers and periodicals be admitted to secure second class rate postage.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THE old angular style of penmanship is coming into fashion again for ladies, to take the place of the round, business like hand, which has been in vogue so long. The angular hand is not suited to business papers, and that, doubtless, is the reason of its return to favor in the fashionable world. The style of penmanship will serve to mark the working woman from the women of leisure, a thing which is held to be very desirable by many of the latter. It will be impossible to give up the round hand for business purposes, so that there will be no help for the drawing of this distinctive line, unless it lies in the use of the type writer for everything except what belongs purely to social life. The working women who are proficient with this instrument will have the advantage in this direction over those who can only wield the pen. But what a farce it all is, anyway.

THE pug, spaniel, skye and poodle must go. Pussy has taken their places and is now the fashionable pet. A nice, fat, comfortable tabby always gives a home look to a room, circled up in a bunch in front of a blazing fire, purring contentedly and spreading her toes when you speak to her or stroke her back. Cats have always been the least understood and the most ill-treated of the domestic animals. It is urged that they are not affectionate and are treacherous. To be sure they do not fawn upon one as does a dog or even express as much affection, but that sort of thing may have been left out of their composition just as it sometimes is in a human being. There are many people with their hearts filled with love and affection who find it an impossibility to give it expression and perhaps pussy feels it in the same way. At any rate she is nice to look at and nice to hold and now that she has come into favor we may hear stories of her affection and fidelity that have always been given to the canines. Being petted and cared for as she will be, now that the word has gone forth and she is the height of style, she ought to develop traits never before discovered and pussy may at last be appreciated. Kindness always brings out the good in any one, either people or cats and subdues the evil traits.

To be quite at the height of elegance woman kind must prepare to fatten herself. Plumpness is the proper thing now, and Mrs. Cleveland has set the fashion. Slender, ethereal women must yield the palm to their more substantial sisters, or else become substantial themselves. All the thin Chicago girls are going through a course of sprouts to bring about the desired result. Dainty maidens are fed on fried pork, beans and molasses. Warm baths, followed by a thorough rubbing in sweet amond oil are taken, and quarts of milk, water, beer or boulleon swallowed. Early to bed and late to rise, is the motto, and the daily exercise must be taken at regular hours, with chest expanded, mouth shut, and nostrils open. There is a mad rush after flesh; every one must gain it or least try to, regardless of temperament, hereditary traits, or becomingness. It reminds one of the blonde hair fever when every one must have golden locks, though some might have the complexion of a mulatto. The flesh craze is rather of a sensible one after all; the ways of Americans must eventually be healthful; the regular hours and substantial wholesome food will certainly bring a glow to pale cheeks and brighten dull eyes, even if it does not bring the desired result in avoirdupois. At any rate it will do no harm to try the treatment.

IF this craze goes on and women become vigorous, hearty and amiable, what is to be done with the weak, nervous and puny men which are growing to be the rule and not the exception. The number of those who have paralysis, softening of the brain, or some form of head trouble resulting in insanity, idiocy or melancholia, is increasing every day, and unless some "craze" takes them, similar to that which has seized the other side of the house, the future of the American man is not a brilliant one. More rest, more recreation, more out-of-doors living, less striving for great wealth, less wild competition, less ambition for position in the money world will prove the only cure. It is a pity that "vigor" could not be made a "craze" for men during the next few years.

A BRIGHT young society girl writes to the Salad Server the following, as showing how far the habit of social style-lying sometimes renders the individual ridiculous:

When we come to think of it, how many polite, little white-lies society people have to make use of in order to sail placidly through the swim. I have in mind an incident of a few days ago when a young lady came to pay me a visit. She was expecting to remove from the city in a few weeks, and, as she ended her call and made her farewells, remarked: "Now do come and see me soon. I should so like to see you as often as possible before leaving the city." She had just returned and made her future three months before, and we had lived for years within two blocks of each other. Now that was a very nice, pleasant little remark to make, and calculated to tickle one's self-esteem agreeably, but in this case the expressed desire did not quite correspond with past actions. If we must tell them, little white lies mean, do let us be consistent in the matter and have all points agree. Truth sometimes is brutal, though perhaps in the end is best, but probably the better way to get along is to keep your lips closed and eyes wide open as much as possible, and where the plain truth is not pleasant, maintain a discreet silence, though you may keep up an 'awful thinking.'"

WE all know by experience that the home circle is not always the best place to inspire wit and brilliancy. We are likely to remove all restraint over our feelings and settle down to do just as we please, and, above all, to rest. For those who lead a busy, active life outside, rest becomes an absolute necessity, and even thought an effort, where there is nothing to inspire it. But those who lead a quiet home life should try to be bright and entertaining in the home circle. Have some funny story ready for the breakfast table, at least, for that meal always seems to incline toward being a solemn occasion. A hearty laugh is the best thing in the world to start the day. It lingers with us through night, and, if the story is very comical, is sure to crop out in our thoughts during the day and brighten us up if we are worried and perplexed. And then when we have read or studied anything worth keeping or remembering, home is the best place in the world to discuss it, and the home people will never object to your rubbing on your conversational powers upon them. Do not keep all the best part of yourself for the outside world; be entertaining and cheerful at home, and soon you will find you have forgotten how to be anything else.

IT is very amusing to any one who watches the process, to see how, in these days, a money-making celebrity is manufactured. Genius and hard work do not count anything beside a fine personal appearance, some social prestige, and a skillful manipulation of the newspaper organs. Mrs. Langry is an instance and Mrs. James Brown Potter another. Everybody is familiar with the "Ostler Joe" episode in Washington which made the latter the newspaper talk all over the country. This was really the foundation of the popularity which has procured for her a $60,000 engagement with Mr. Abbey, who, as is well known, has an eye to business and can measure probabilities with a keen discrimination. Now New York has another amateur, who is to be brought before the country in much the same way, and if no false note is struck, with much the same result. She is one is a Miss de Wolfe, a young lady well known in society, a beauty, and quite a clever actress. If she were a poor girl with exactly the same personal auvantages, the world would not be likely to hear of her, nor would the shekels find their way into her pocket. As it is, well—we shall see.

AMERICAN women are rapidly ceasing to be simply an annex to their husbands, but are developing an independence of thought and action that places them side by side, equals, as God intended they should be. Chinese women are not so fortunate, even in this country. The moment she marries she becomes the property of her husband, over which he has absolute and uncontrolled power. Writes a correspondent of the Detroit *Tribune* who has been looking into the matter in New York: "In his humiliation he may whip her or what we would call bread-and-water diet, keep her locked up in a bedroom, closet or cellar or beat her with his hand or a bamboo rod. In this respect the Chinese law is almost a fac-simile of the common law which prevailed in England and this country until about 1800, and which allowed the husband to "correct" his wife with "the open hand or a light rod," but not with "the clenched fist nor a club." Under this custom the average almond-eyed woman expects to be beaten with a regularity proportional to her queued lord's affection, and like the wives of English "navvies" regards the omission of corporal punishment as a sure evidence of a lack of affection."

—Catarrh originates in scrofulous taint. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus permanently cures catarrh.

THE ANNUAL RECORD.

Its Enormous Total and Wide Distribution—Caprices of Fortune.

A partial list of the prizes above One Thousand Dollars, paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company during the year ending November, 1887, together with the names and addresses given to the Company by the holders, omitting those who have requested it.

Receipts for the amounts are on file at the offices of the Company.

DRAWING OF DECEMBER 14, 1886.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	45,000
Frank Metz, Oshkosh. Wis.	30,000
Fourth National Bank of New York.	25,000
Baltimore & Ohio Express, Chicago, Ill.	25,000
Dan'l Jones, at Theo. Dumas' Furniture Store, 257 Royal St., New Orleans, La.	15,000
Hibernia National Bank, New Orleans	15,000
Parties in New York, through New Orleans National Bank, New Orleans, La.	15,000
F. M. Gross, Crawfordsville, Ga.	4,000
Party in St. Augustine, Fla., through John B. Fernandez, Savannah, Ga..	2,000
Wm. P. Brady, 1515 Fulton Ave., Evansville, Ind.	2,000
Linsey Hayden, Evansville, Ind.	2,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	2,000
Bank of Butte County, Chico, Cal.	2,000
C. J. McDowell, 676 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio	2,000
J. Prendergast, Baltimore, Md., through Stein Bros., Baltimore, Md.	2,000

DRAWING OF JANUARY 11, 1887.

John Campbell, North Muskegon, Mich.	15,000
Caroline Benmon, St. Louis, Mo.	15,000
R. E. Knapp, Magnolia, Miss.	15,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Anglo-California Bank, Limited, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
J. Cain, Hunter Wharf, Norfolk, Va., through Marine Bank of Norfolk, Va.	15,000
F. J. Gilmore, Los Angeles, Cal., through First National Bank of Los Angeles, Cal.	15,000
Ben Kiam, of Kiam Bros., Houston, Tex.	15,000
Elva Elder, Princeton, Franklin county, Kans., through E. A. Hanes, Cashier Bank of Ottawa, Ottawa, Kans.	15,000
Minor C. Keith, San Jose, Costa Rica, C. A.	10,000
Wm. Whalen, watchman Miss. & Tenn. R. R. depot, through Bank of Commerce, Memphis, Tenn.	5,000
S. P. Hill, New Orleans, La.	5,000
A depositor through People's Bank, New Orleans, La.	5,000
Chas. Mitchell, Pecan Point, Ark., through Bank of Commerce, Memphis, Tenn.	5,000

DRAWING OF FEBRUARY 8, 1887.

Herman Netherfield, Kingsland, Ind., through First Nat'l Bank of Fort Wayne, Ind.	15,000
Dr. J. A. Tignor, B. F. Clark, and Miss A. Webb, Rome, Ga.	15,000
Marston & Jordan, 92 Commercial Street, Portland, Me.	15,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
T. J. Lester, Jr., through Julius Weil, Philadelphia, Pa.	15,000
Parties in Aberdeen, Miss.	15,000
" San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Fred Tegtmeier, Cleveland, Ohio.	15,000
Anton A. Vieders, 521 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.	15,000
Joseph Strang, Smith Falls, Ont., Can., through Seward's Bank, Auburn, N. Y.	15,000
Thos. Alexander, Washington, D. C.	10,000
Jas. M. Hall, Detroit, Mich.	10,000
German Bank of Memphis, Tenn.	5,000
E. Rosenheim, 80 Beal Street, Memphis, Tenn., through German Bank, Memphis.	5,000
G. Bartlol, New York City	5,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco	5,000
First National Bank, San Francisco.	5,000
W. A. Gwyn, Russell, Texas	2,000
L. O. Cooper, Millport, Ohio	2,000
Wm. S. Thompson, care M. Wright, S. W. cor. 3d and Benson Sts., Camden, N. J., through Adams Express, Phila., Pa.	2,000
M. Hollister, Wayland, Neb., through Bank of Black Co., Osceola, Neb.	2,000
W. E. Barrett, St. Johnsbury, Vt. through Merchants Nat'l Bank, St. Johnsbury, Vt.	2,000
Geo. Schilly, 7, 9, 11 W. Court Street, Memphis, Tenn., through First National Bank, Memphis, Tenn.	2,000
D. N. Vance, Cashier Carrollton Nat'l Bank, Carrollton, Ky.	2,000
Bank of California, San Francisco, Cal.	2,000
Felix Clavere, Los Angeles, Cal.	2,000
C. H. Perrow, Morristown, Tenn.	2,000

DRAWING OF MARCH 15, 1887.

Byron D. Houghton, Oswego, N. Y.	25,000
H. J. Warner, Stratford, Ontario, Can.	15,000
Thos. Falvey, Wrightsville, Pa.	15,000
Peter M. Vermanas, 397 S. Robey St., Chicago, Ill.	15,000
H. Taylor, New York	15,000
Joseph Rosenfield, Houston, Tex.	15,000
William Mooser, Topeka, Kas.	15,000
Joseph Ludwig, 430 William St., Buffalo, N. Y.	15,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco.	15,000
London, Paris and American Bank, Limited, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
D. P. Hawes, Decorah, Iowa	15,000
J. C. Dunlop, Pembroke, Ontario	5,000
Mrs. Mary O'Brien, Central City, Dak.	5,000
T. J. Weaver, Trabue, Fla.	5,000
Frank Rose, 518 Potter St., East Saginaw, Mich.	5,000
Union National Bank, Kansas City, Mo.	4,000
Olof Bergljung, Darlington, Wis.	2,000
Chas H. Horner, care of Adams Express Co., Newark, N. J.	2,000
J. E. Harrigan, 128 W. Canton St., Boston, Mass.	2,000
F. R. Upham, Portland, Me.	2,000
City National Bank, of Dallas, Tex.	2,000
Oliver & Griggs, Bankers, Dallas, Tex.	2,000
El Paso National Bank, El Paso, Tex.	2,000
Germania Savings Bank, New Orleans, La., for a depositor	2,000

DRAWING OF APRIL 12, 1887.

Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	80,000
W. Thayer, 33 Yamhill St., Portland, Ore.	15,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
New Orleans National Bank, for account of correspondent from San Francisco	15,000
London, Paris and American Bank, Limited, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Mrs. M. R. Newberry, Cheboygan, Mich.	15,000
Auburn Gilliland, Mowequa, Ill.	15,000
Geo. P. Stackhouse, 2324 Christian St., Philadelphia, Pa.	15,000
Roy J. Bour, Canton, O.	5,000
C. W. Tweedy, Augusta, Ga.	5,000
J. M. Hanham, Griffin, Ga.	5,000
J. M. Stotts, Doe, Ark.	5,000
A. L. Robb, Atchison, Kan.	5,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	4,000
Mrs. Rudolf Sneckheimer, Rico, Col.	4,000
Jno. Raatz, Pottsville, Pa.	2,000
G. Ragin, Clarksville, Tex.	2,000
P. H. Dwyer, Boston, Mass.	2,000
H. H. Davis & B. S. Webber, Portland, Me.	2,000
Chas C. Keenan, Barnesville, Minn.	2,000

DRAWING OF MAY 10, 1887.

Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	90,000
T. J. Lynch & Co., cor. 11th and Locust Sts.	15,000
A. Fruny, Deer Lick, W. Va., through Metropolitan National Bank, Cincinnati.	15,000
City National Bank of Cairo, Ills.	10,000
National Commercial Bank of Mobile, Ala.	10,000
Bank of Commerce, Louisville, Ky.	5,000
Commercial Nat'l Bank of Nashville, Tenn.	5,000
Edwin Le Bars, New York City	2,000
Anglo California Bank (Ltd.), San Francisco, Cal.	2,000
N. Crenshaw, Everest, Kas.	2,000
Mrs. S. W. Lumbard, San Francisco, Cal., through Bank of California, San Francisco, Cal.	2,000
C. J. Hamm, through Corry National Bank, Corry, Pa.	2,000
Louisana National Bank, New Orleans, La., for a depositor	2,000
Nevada Bank of San Francisco, Cal.	2,000
Bank of California, Virginia City, Nev.	2,000

DRAWING OF JUNE 14, 1887.

F. V. Wasserman, Omaha, Neb.	30,000
James H. Raymond & Co., Austin, Tex	30,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Tims, Brigham and William Wendel, N. Y. City, through Southern Express Co.	15,000
L. M. Reimack, through Klauk & Bros., through First National bank of Meridian, Miss.	15,000
William Kempler, New York city	15,000
A. J. Trefts, N. W. cor. 6th and Lts., San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Annie Chandler, Cliftonville, Miss., through First National bank of Meridian.	15,000
National Exchange bank of Dallas, Tex	15,000
City National bank of Dallas, Tex.	15,000
Charles E. Dennis, Exposition, Boulevard and Preston sts., New Orleans, La.	15,000
P. J. Mooney, 420 Ursuline st., New Orleans, La.	15,000
W. L. Wilson, Willows, Cal.	5,000
Turner & Richardson, Cleburne, Tex.	5,000
Insley, Shire & Co., Leavenworth, Kas.	5,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., Chicago, Ill.	5,000
Casco National Bank, Portland, Me.	5,000
John G. Liebel, 1919 Peach St., Erie, Pa.	5,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
Louisiana National Bank, New Orleans	5,000
Geo. Miller, 1324 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
S. Levy, 140 E. 16th St., Chicago, Ills.	5,000
J. B. Boyd, San Diego, Cal.	5,000
Snyder, Wells & Co., Gates, Tenn.	5,000
John Kyle, Buffalo, N. Y.	5,000
J. C. Curry, Tivoli Gardens, Main St., Memphis, Tenn.	5,000
New Orleans National Bank, New Orleans, La.	3,750
A. B. Clark, Boston, Mass.	1,250
R. J. Tuffin, Boston, Mass.	1,250
John McRedmond and John McKenna, Stamford, Conn.	1,250
First National Bank, San Jose, Cal.	1,250
John L. Steelman, 62 South St. New York	1,250
R. G. Hefferman, Louisville, Ky.	1,250
G. B. Goldbeck, Manor, Tex.	1,250
Frank Matthews, Texarkana, Ark.	1,250
J. C. Lowe, Chester, Neb.	1,250
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francis, Cal.	1,250
H. F. Hutchins, Portland, Me.	1,250
Jas. Sinclair, 6 Thomas St., N. Y. City	1,250

DRAWING OF JULY 12, 1887.

Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francico, Cal.	30,000
John Murphy, Glenmary, Tenn., through First Nat'l Bank of Chattanooga, Tenn.	15,000
Henry Downs, Swiftwater Plantation, near Greenville, Miss.	15,000
Darius R. Burr, 179 Forsyth St., New York	15,000
Chris. Sintes, 408 Dryades St., New Orleans, La.	15,000
Archie L. Allen, Buffalo, N. Y.	15,000
J. P. Coleman, Petersburg, Va., through City Bank of Richmond, Richmond, Va.	15,000
Albert Schroder, Burlington, Iowa	15,000
W. S. Locke, McMillan, Mich., through First National Bank, Marquette, Mich.	15,000
First National Bank, Terre Haute, Ind.	10,000
London and San Francisco Bank, (Limited), San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
John L. Bett, Portland, Me.	5,000
John Cash, Portland, Me.	5,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco.	4,000
Robert Joseph Leigh, 39 Willett St., N. Y.	2,000
City National Bank, Cairo, Ill.	2,000
Isaac Vaughn, New York City	2,000
D. C. Jackson & M. G. Cook, Cairo, Ill.	2,000

DRAWING OF AUGUST 9, 1887.

C. W. Moorman, Cloverport, Ky., through Kentucky National Bank, Louisville.	30,000
Kentucky National Bank, Louisville, Ky.	15,000
J. B. Fontaine, Caledonia, Cal.	15,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Alexander Co. National Bank, Cairo, Ill.	15,000
Geo. H. Zapp, Houston, Tex.	15,000
W. H. Anthony, Houston, Tex.	15,000
National Park Bank, New York city.	15,000
Roger, Chunbell & Ray Bayne, Deming, New Mexico	5,000
H. T. Woods, Portland, Me.	5,000
T. J. Baker, Chicago, Ill.	5,000
Samuel Barrett, Toronto, Ontario, Can.	5,000
Thos. D. Crump, Jonesboro, Mo.	5,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
W. A. Barnhill, Jackson, Tenn., collected through First National Bank, Jackson	5,000
S. P. Hill, New Orleans, La.	5,000
J. F. Shulze, 213 W. Markham St., Little Rock, Ark.	5,000
Wm. Higgins Adams, Boston, Mass.	5,000
Robt. McNaughton, Governor St., Richmond, Va.	2,000
W. H. Scott, Camp Point, Ills.	2,000
Geo. Over, Laredo, Tex.	2,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco	2,000
James Stevenson, 38 Hanover St., Providence, R. I.	2,000
H. M. Eddins, Knowx, Miss.	2,000
Oscar Groshell, with Richardson Drug Co., Omaha, Neb.	2,000
W. Dowling, San Francisco, Cal.	2,000
Misses M. & A. Meyer New York City.	2,000
Robt. J. Young, 403 Custom-House St., New Orleans, La.	2,000

DRAWING OF SEPT. 13, 1887.

Paul Bater, 156 Hudson ave., Chicago, Ills.	5,000
F. Epstein, Rockhouse, Ills.	5,000
Frank H. Gillett, Norfolk, Neb.	5,000
Paid, Paul Kinler, Runner, Union National bank, New Orleans, for a depositor	5,000
E. Steiner, Temple, Tex.	5,000
Chris. F. Netz, 727 West North ave., Chicago, Ills.	5,000
Wm. Duncan, Sioux Falls, Dak.	5,000
Paul Feuerpfeil, Peoria, Ill.	5,000
J. H. Mount, Tawas City, Mich.	5,000
Albert Evans, through First National bank, Pueblo, Col.	5,000
Mrs. Francis W. Siddell, Canton, Ohio	4,000
Rob Werthington, Kansas City, Mo.	4,000
B. Nathan, 838 Broadway, New York City	2,000
Godnilf Wizeman, New York city.	2,000
Tom Johnson,

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by postal.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Jerusalem.

F. H., Herborn, Ill.:

Give history of Jerusalem from the time of its foundation.

The earliest name of Jersalem appears to have been Jobus, or poetically Salem, and its king in Abraham's time was Melchizedek. When the Hebrews took possession of Canaan, the city of Salem was burned, but the fortress remained in the hands of the Jebusites, till King David took it by storm and made it the capital of his kingdom. From that time it was called Jerusalem. During the reigns of David and Solomon it attained its highest degree of power. When ten of the Jewish tribes seceded under Jeroboam they made Shechem and later Samaria the capital of their kingdom of Israel, and Jerusalem remained the capital of the smaller but more powerful kingdom of Judah. The city was taken by Shishak, King of Egypt, in 971 B. C., was later conquered and sacked by Joash, King of Israel, and in the reign of Ahaz the King of Syria came against it with a large force, but could not take it. The city was besieged in Hezekiah's reign by the army of Sennacherib, king of Assyria, but was saved by a sudden destruction of the invading army. After the death of Josiah, the city was tributary for some years to the King of Egypt, but was taken after repeated attempts by the Babylonians under Nebuchadnezzar, in 586, and was left a heap of ruins. The work of rebuilding it began by order of King Cyrus about 538 B. C., who allowed the Jewish people that had been carried into captivity to return for that purpose. For this time Jerusalem enjoyed comparative peace for several hundred years and grew to be an important commercial city. When Alexander invaded Syria it submitted to him without resistance. After his death it belonged for a time to Egypt and in 198 B. C. passed with the rest of Judea under the rule of Syria. Antiochus the Great ruled it with mildness and justice, but tyranny of his son, Antiochus Epiphanes, brought about the revolt, headed by the Maccabees, through which Jerusalem gained a brief independence. In 63, Pompey the Great took the city, desecrated the temple and killed thousands of people, but did not plunder it. However, nine years later Crassus robbed the temple of all its treasures. The walls were soon after rebuilt under Antipater the Roman procurator, but when Herod came to rule over the city with the title of King given him by the Roman Senate, he was resisted and only took possession after an obstinate seige, which was followed by the massacre of great numbers of the people. Herod improved and enlarged the city, and restored the temple on a magnificent scale than in Solomon's time. Jerusalem is said at this time to have had a population of over 200,000. This period of wealth and prosperity was also rendered most memorable for Jerusalem by the ministry and crucifixion of Christ. About A. D. 66, the Jews, goaded to desperation by the tyranny of the Romans, revolted, garrisoned Jerusalem, and defeated a Roman army sent against them. This was the beginning of the disastrous war which ended with the destruction of the city. It was taken by Titus, in the year 70, after a long and vigorous siege, all the inhabitants were massacred or made prisoners, and the entire city left a heap of ruins. The Emperor Hadrian built on the site of Jerusalem, a Roman city, under the name of Elia Capitolina, with a temple of Jupiter, and Jews were forbidden to enter the city under pain of death. Under Constantine it was made a place of pilgrimage for Christians, as the emperor's mother and Helena had with much pains located all the various sites of events in the history of Christ. The Emperor Julian, on the contrary, not only allowed the Jews to return to their city, but also made an attempt which ended in failure, to rebuild their temple. In 614 the Persian Emperor Chosroes invaded the Roman empire. The Jews joined his army, and after conquering the northern part of Palestine, the united forces laid siege to and took Jerusalem. The Jews wreaked vengeance on the Christians for what they had been forced to endure, and 20,000 people were massacred. The Persians held rule in the city fourteen years; it was then taken by the Romans again, but in 636 the Caliph Omar besieged it. After four months the city capitulated. It was under the rule of the Caliphs for 460 years, until the Seljuk Turks in 1077 invaded Syria and made it a province of their empire. Christian pilgrims had for many years kept up the practice of visiting the tomb of Christ, as the Caliphs did not interfere with their religious duties further than by exacting a small tribute from each visitor. But the cruelties practiced upon the pilgrims by the Turks were many, and those of them who soon roused all Europe to a pitch of indignation, and brought about that series of holy wars, which for a time restored the holy sepulcher into Christian hands. Jerusalem was captured and taken July 15, 1099, and 50,000 Moslems were slaughtered by their wrathful Christian foes. The new sovereignty was precariously maintained until 1187, when it fell before the power of Saladin. Jerusalem, after a siege of twelve days, surrendered. Saladin, however, did not put his captives to death, but contented himself with expelling them from the city. Jerusalem passed into the hands of the Franks by treaty in 1229 was retaken by the Moslems in 1239, once more restored in 1243, and finally conquered in 1244 by a horde of Kharesmian Turks. In 1517 Jerusalem was conquered by Sultan Selim I., and since then has been under the rule of the Ottoman Empire, except for a brief period—from 1832 to 1840, when it was in the hands of Mahomet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and his son Ibrahim had his seat of government at Jerusalem.

William Ray—Privy Council—Arbor Day.

C. W., Pickville, Pa.:

1. Please give a short sketch of William Ray.

2. What is meant by a privy council?

3. Give an account of Arbor day, and why observed.

1. William Ray was major general in the British army; born 1706, in Lanarkshire, Scotland. His name will always be remembered by succeeding generations as that of the first geodesists. He died in 1780. In 1767, Ray was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, to whose Transactions he contributed, in 1777, a paper entitled "Experiments and Observations made in Britain to obtain a Rule for Measuring Heights with the Barometer." 2. A Privy Council is an assembly of advisers on matters of state appointed by the sovereign. The Privy Council of England existed at a very early period in the history of the country. The list of Privy Councils includes the members of the royal family, the archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London, the great officers of state, the Lord Chancellor and judges of the courts of Equity, the Chief Justice of the Courts of Common Law, the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Judges, and the Judge Advocate, several of the Peers of the realm, all of the House of Commons, the Embassadors, some of the Ministers Plenipotentiary and Governors of colonies, the Commander-in-Chief of the Master-General of Ordnance, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and generally also a Junior Lord of the Admiralty as well as necessarily all the members of the cabinet. The Vice-President of the Board of Trade, the Paymasters of the Forces, and President of the Poor-law Board, are also generally members of the Privy; and sometimes other persons who have filled responsible offices under the Crown. 3. The first suggestion of tree planting under the direction of State authority was made by B. G. Northrop, then Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, about 1865, in an official state report. In 1876 this same gentleman endeavored to stimulate "centennial tree-planting" by the offer of prizes to the children of Connecticut. But the idea of setting apart a day for tree planting originated with ex-Governor J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, who about 1872 induced the Governor of the State to issue a proclamation appointing a day for the planting of trees throughout the State. A year or two later the day was made a legal holiday by enactment of the Legislature, and provision was made for awarding premiums to those who put out most trees in its observance. It is said that nearly 700,000 Arbor Day trees are now in thriving condition on the prairie tracts of the State. The example of Nebraska was soon followed by kansas, and with grand results. Arbor Day in Minnesota, first observed in 1876, resulted, it is said, in planting over a million and a half of trees. In Michigan the Arbor Day law was passed in 1881, and in Ohio in 1882. Since then Arbor Day has been observed in Colorado, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Indiana, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Florida, Alabama, Missouri, California, Kentucky, Maine and Georgia. In several other states its observance has been secured by the recomendation of the grange, the Grand Army of the Republic, or by state agricultural societies. While at the outset economic tree planting was the primary aim, the adornment of home and school grounds soon followed. On the first Ohio Arbor day, the children of Cincinnati joined in an attractive celebration, in the form of planting memorial trees and dedicating them to authors, statesmen, and other distinguished citizens. B. G. Northrop says, concerning the value of the observance of Arbor Day: "While millions will not be planted on our rich arable lands, there are in New England and all the Atlantic States large areas of barrens worthless for field crops, that may be profitably devoted to wood-growing. The inability of reclaiming our most sterile wastes is proved by many facts both at home and abroad. Our Atlantic sand plains were once covered with forests and can be re-forested. Over 10,000 square miles in Cape Cod, which 30 years ago were barren, sandy plains, are now covered with thriving planted forests.

Pestalozzi—Horace Mann.

J. M., Milnersville, Meigs Co., O.:

Give extended as possible accounts of Pestalozzi and Horace Mann. Natives of what country? For what are they distinguished?

Johann-Heinrich Pestalozzi was born at Zurich, January 12, 1745. His family was honored in the middle of the century, he was destined for the Christian ministry, but turned aside, however, from this profession, and became himself to the study of law. To this pursuit he did not long remain constant. The perusal of Rousseau's *Emile*, and the unsatisfactory political condition in which he found Europe, united to disgust him with the artificial life of cities, and he accordingly removed to the country, to devote his life to farming. Purchasing some waste land (after he had acquired the necessary experience,) he applied himself successfully to its cultivation, marrying about the same time the daughter of a wealthy merchant. His mind continuing to be affected by the contemplation of the unhappy condition of the mass of the people, he devoted himself, during the intervals of his work, to the consideration of the means best suited to promote their elevation. He was convinced that, by means of a sound education, a remedy might be found for the many evils by which he was surrounded, and by which society was infected. To give effect to his theories, he converted his own house into an orphan asylum, and endeavored, by a judicious blending of industrial, intellectual, and moral training, to afford a specimen of sound education, and one so contrived as to be practicable as a national scheme. Meanwhile, the pursuit of his benevolent enterprise involved him, after a lapse of fifteen years (1775-1790), in bankruptcy. The failure of his plans, and the democratic tendency of his opinions, brought upon him a good deal of contempt and opposition. His only consolation was having saved from degradation and neglect upwards of one hundred children, and having issued several volumes on education containing the results of his experience, and his hopes for the future of the masses. Many subsequent attempts to found schools and to give a specimen of his method of intellectual instruction was, that nothing should be treated of except in a concrete way. Objects themselves became in his hands the subject of the meeting, being to the development of the observing and reasoning powers—not lessons about objects. In arithmetic, he begins with the concrete, and proceeded to the abstract; and into the teaching of writing, he for the first time introduced graduation. His special attention, however, was directed to the moral and religious training of children, as distinct from their mere instruction; and here, too, gradation and a regard to the nature and susceptibilities of children, were conspicuous features of his system. Almost all his methods are now substantially adopted by the instructors of elementary teachers in the Normal schools of Europe, and to no man perhaps has primary instruction been so largely indebted. He died in 1827, at Brugg, in the canton of Bassel, overwhelmed with mortification and disappointments. Horace Mann, L. L. D., was an American statesman and educationalist, was born at Franklin, Mass., May 4, 1796; graduated at Brown University, Providence, and commenced the study of law; elected to the legislature of Massachusetts in 1827; his first speech was in favor of religious liberty, and his second a plea for railways; he was one of the friends of temperance, and a founder of the state lunatic asylum. Removing to Boston, he was elected, 1836, to the state senate, of which he became president. After editing the revised statutes of the state, he was for eleven years secretary of the Board of Education. He gave up his business and politics, and devoted his whole time to the cause of education, introduced a system of normal schools and committees, and in 1843 made a visit to educational establishments in Europe. His report was reprinted both in England and America. For eleven years he worked fifteen hours a day, held conventions, composed, gave lectures, and conducted a large correspondence. In 1848 he was elected to Congress, as the successor of ex-President John Quincy Adams, whose example he followed in energetic opposition to the extension of slavery. At the end of his term he accepted the presidency of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, with a magnificent salary and unlimited powers. He labored with zeal and success until his death, August 2, 1859.

Paper Pulp.

L. T. J., Vireen, Ill.:

How is paper pulp made, and to what uses is it applied?

Paper pulp can be made from any substance containing vegetable fiber, as the principal of manufacture from cotton and linen rags, waste paper, straw, esparto grass, wood, cane, jute, and manilla. But besides these, scores of other substances in the vegetable world have been used for the purpose with more or less success. One of the recent discoveries of modern science is the manufacture of a very fine quality of pulp from the thick leaf-stalk of the giant cactus, which grows in great quantities on the plains of Arizona and Southern California, and has hitherto been regarded as wholly without value for any use of man. Rags are made into pulp by first washing, then boiling for about ten hours in an alkaline solution. They are then put into the hollander engine which is an oblong vat having in the middle a cylinder with blunt knives all around its surface and beneath it a block covered also with blunt knives. The cylinder makes about 158 revolutions a minute. Water runs into the vat at one side, and flows out at the other side with equal rapidity. Meanwhile the rags are carried by the flowing water around the cylinder, which is placed near enough to the block to separate their fibers considerably in the movement. This process lasts about four hours, and the rags are then drained and put three hours in the bleaching vat, which contains a strong solution of chloride of lime, or other bleaching material, and has also a central revolving cylinder, upon a block with knives, so that the material is still finer in this vat also. It is then put into the beater, another vat of the construction, in which the revolving cylinder is placed so near to the block that it beats pulp in its revolution. The pulp is drained and put three hours reduces the substance to a fine pulp. Waste paper is put into boilers, through which a hot solution of soda passes continually, to remove printer's ink. It is then put through the washing, bleaching, and beating engines, just as rags are, these processes, however, in the case of paper, occupying much less time. Straw, esparto, and other grasses are chopped fine with cutters, and then boiled with a strong solution of caustic soda, to dissolve the gummy matter on them. After this the substance is reduced to pulp in engines in much the same way as with rags. Wood pulp is made by first reducing the wood to chips, then boiling in a very strong solution of caustic soda under treatment of steam. It is then put through the grinding machine, which consists in putting the stripped cane in cylindrical boilers, and then introducing steam till the pressure of 180 pounds to the square inch is obtained. The cover of the cylinder is then removed and the escaping steam hurls the cane with such tremendous force against a surface placed thirty feet away as to reduce it to a mass of brown pulp. In this form it is used to make common wrapping paper, and it is also sometimes bleached and beaten and made into white paper. Manilla and jute are boiled in rotary boilers with milk of lime, by which process paper is to be made; with caustic soda if a white quality is wanted. Besides the manufacture of paper, pulp from any material is devoted to a large variety of uses, such as making paste board, papier mache, boxes, boards, sheathing for vessels, boats, furniture, filling for car wheels, tubs, buckets, and other household articles. A manufactury in this line makes mouldings and picture frames of pulp, also cupboards and window frames and sashes, all complete and ready to be put in their place in houses. A steamboat has been made, for experimental purposes, of paper pulp. In fact, the possible uses of this substance are too numerous to mention.

Charles Dickens.

James Parsons, Moline, Ind.:

1. Please give a short sketch of Charles Dickens. 2. Where is Munkacs?

1. Charles Dickens was born near Portsmouth, Eng., February 7, 1812. His father was a government clerk, who subsequently removed to London and became a parliamentary reporter. Charles received a good education, and was placed as a clerk in an attorney's office, but not liking the routine of the law, he undertook it for the work of a reporter. He began by taking down Parliamentary speeches, but soon found a more congenial field of labor in writing sketches of the various phases of life in London and Southern California, and has hitherto been regarded as wholly without value for any use of man. Rags are made into pulp by first washing, then boiling for about ten hours in an alkaline solution. They are then put into the hollander engine which is an oblong vat having in the middle a cylinder with blunt knives all around its surface and beneath it a block covered also with blunt knives. The cylinder makes about 158 revolutions a minute. Water runs into the vat at one side, and flows out at the other side with equal rapidity. Meanwhile the rags are carried by the flowing water around the cylinder, which is placed near enough to the block to separate their fibers considerably in the movement. This process lasts about four hours, and the rags are then drained and put three hours in the bleaching vat, which contains a strong solution of chloride of lime, or other bleaching material, and has also a central revolving cylinder, upon a block with knives, so that the material is still finer in this vat also. It is then put into the beater, another vat of the construction, in which the revolving cylinder is placed so near to the block that it beats pulp in its revolution. The pulp is drained and put three hours reduces the substance to a fine pulp. Waste paper is put into boilers, through which a hot solution of soda passes continually, to remove printer's ink. It is then put through the washing, bleaching, and beating engines, just as rags are, these processes, however, in the case of paper, occupying much less time. Straw, esparto, and other grasses are chopped fine with cutters, and then boiled with a strong solution of caustic soda, to dissolve the gummy matter on them. After this the substance is reduced to pulp in engines in much the same way as with rags. Wood pulp is made by first reducing the wood to chips, then boiling in a very strong solution of caustic soda under treatment of steam. It is then put through the grinding machine, which consists in putting the stripped cane in cylindrical boilers, and then introducing steam till the pressure of 180 pounds to the square inch is obtained. The cover of the cylinder is then removed and the escaping steam hurls the cane with such tremendous force against a surface placed thirty feet away as to reduce it to a mass of brown pulp. In this form it is used to make common wrapping paper, and it is also sometimes bleached and beaten and made into white paper. Manilla and jute are boiled in rotary boilers with milk of lime, by which process paper is to be made; with caustic soda if a white quality is wanted. Besides the manufacture of paper, pulp from any material is devoted to a large variety of uses, such as making paste board, papier mache, boxes, boards, sheathing for vessels, boats, furniture, filling for car wheels, tubs, buckets, and other household articles. A manufactury in this line makes mouldings and picture frames of pulp, also cupboards and window frames and sashes, all complete and ready to be put in their place in houses. A steamboat has been made, for experimental purposes, of paper pulp. In fact, the possible uses of this substance are too numerous to mention.

Popular Vote in 1850.

J. Molesworth, M. D., Shaw, Kan.:

Please give the popular vote by states cast for the respective candidates in 1860, viz: Lincoln and Hamlin, Douglas and Johnson, Bell and Everett, and Breckenridge and Lane.

The following table gives the vote cast for Lincoln, Douglass, Breckenridge and Bell in 1860:

	Lincoln.	Douglas.	Breckenridge.	Bell.
Alabama	.....	13,651	48,831	27,875
Arkansas	.....	5,227	21,772	20,094
California	39,173	38,516	34,334	6,817
Connecticut	43,792	15,522	14,641	25,291
Delaware	3,815	1,023	7,337	3,864
Florida	.....	367	8,543	5,437
Georgia	.....	11,580	51,889	42,886
Illinois	172,161	160,215	2,404	4,913
Indiana	139,033	115,509	12,295	5,329
Iowa	70,409	55,111	1,048	1,763
Kentucky	1,364	25,651	53,143	66,058
Louisiana	.....	7,625	22,681	20,204
Maine	62,811	26,693	6,368	2,046
Maryland	2,294	5,966	42,482	41,760
Massachus'ts	106,533	34,372	5,939	22,331
Michigan	88,480	65,057	805	405
Minnesota	22,069	11,920	748	72
Mississippi	.....	3,283	40,797	25,040
Missouri	17,028	58,801	31,317	22,573
N. Hampshire	37,519	25,881	2,112	441
New Jersey	58,324	62,801	.....	.....
New York	351,234	312,510	26,099	183
N. Carolina	.....	2,701	48,539	44,990
Ohio	231,610	187,232	11,405	12,194
Oregon	5,329	3,951	5,046	183
Pennsylvania	268,030	16,765	178,871	12,776
Rhode Island	12,244	7,707	.....	.....
S. Carolina	.....	Electors chosen by legislature.		
Tennessee	.....	11,350	64,709	69,274
Texas	.....	.....	47,548	15,438
Vermont	33,808	6,849	218	5,866
Virginia	1,929	16,290	74,323	74,681
Wisconsin	86,110	65,021	888	161
Total	1,857,610	1,365,976	847,953	590,631

Sir Thomas More.

Kate V. Christian, Sodus Center, N. Y.:

Please give short sketch of the life of Sir Thomas More.

Sir Thomas More, chancellor of England, was the son of Sir John More, judge of the King's Bench, and was born in London in 1480. He was educated at Christ church, then Canterbury college, Oxford; and in 1499 became a student of Lincoln's Inn. At the age of 21 he obtained a seat in Parliament, where he opposed a subsidy demanded by Henry VII. with such force that it was refused by the House. At the accession of Henry VII. he was called to the bar, and in 1508 he was made judge of the sheriff's court, and a justice of the peace. In 1518 he published his "Utopia," a political romance; and about this time the friendship began between him and Erasmus, which lasted through life. By the interest of Wolsey he obtained the honor of knighthood, and a place in the privy council. In 1520 he was made treasurer of the exchequer; and in 1523 chosen speaker of the house of commons, where he resisted a motion for an oppressive subsidy, which gave great offense to his former friend, the cardinal. In 1530 he succeeded Wolsey as lord chancellor; and by his indefatigable application to the duties of his office, in which he was not a cause left undetermined. He resigned the seals, because he could not conscientiously lend his support to the measures of Henry respecting his divorce of Queen Catherine; and he was eventually committed to the Tower for refusing the oath of supremacy. After an imprisonment of 12 months, he was brought to his trial in the court of king's bench, where, notwithstanding his eloquent defence, he was found guilty of treason, and sentenced to be beheaded. His behavior, in the interval, corresponded with the firm and calm tenor of his life; and, on July 6, 1535, he ascended the scaffold, with his characteristic pleasantry, saying to the lieutenant of the Tower, "I pray you, see me safe up; and as for my coming down, let me shift for myself."

Atlantic Cables.

J. M. J., Waukesha, Wis.:

1. How many cables across the Atlantic ocean and between what two points does each lie? 2. What is, and through what points does the "International Date Line" extend?

1. The first Atlantic cable was laid in July, 1865, from Valentia Bay, Ireland, to Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. In September, of the same year, a cable lost by an unsuccessful attempt in 1865 was recovered, and the laying completed, thus making two lines between the two points named. These lines constituted what was known as the Anglo-American Cable, managed by a company of the same name. In 1869 the French Atlantic Telegraph Company was formed, and the following year it laid a line from Brest, France, to Duxbury, Mass. The fourth Atlantic telegraph cable was laid from Valentia, Ireland, to Heart's Content, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, in the summer of 1873, and a few months later the Brazilian telegraph cable was laid from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to a bay on the coast of Portugal. In 1874 the Direct United States Cable company was formed and laid a line from Ballenskilligs Bay, Ireland, to Rye, N. H., via Nova Scotia. The same year a sixth line across the Atlantic was laid from Ireland to Newfoundland. Another French line was laid from Brest to St. Pierre, an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in 1880. The companies owning all these lines having formed a combination and pooled their receipts, to keep up rates on the transmission of messages, a competing company was formed by James Gordon Bennett and the millionaire Mackay. This laid in 1884-85 two lines from Ireland to Nova Scotia, having also a connecting line from Ireland to France. 2. See answer to Wm. Makey, Clayville, O., in BLADE of November 3.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Wm. S. Slatterer, Hendricks, Pa., writes: In reference to James H. Spence's question, was Gen. Jackson fined for fighting battle of New Orleans, answered in the BLADE October 13. During martial law in that city Judge Hall had arrested a member of the legislature named Loullier, on a charge of exciting mutiny among his troops by a publication in a newspaper. Loullier applied to Judge Hall for a writ of habeas corpus, which was immediately issued. Instead, however, of acting in obedience to the writ, Jackson arrested the judge and turned him out of the city. On being restored to the exercise of his functions, Judge Hall granted a rule of court for Gen. Jackson to appear and show cause why contempt of court should not be awarded against him. This made a long defense, but by the decision of the court he was fined $1,000, which he paid in full.

Miscellaneous.

L. M., your questions are being answered editorially in the BLADE each week.

W. A. Tripp, South Carolina: The maps about which you enquire are on sale at all book stores.

Subscriber, Leon, Ia.: Please settle the question of whether John G. Saxe, the poet, is dead or alive, in columns of the BLADE.

He died this year.

J. L. G., Woodhull:

Will you please tell what the Veiled Prophets are that have their yearly meetings in the South, in St. John's this fall?

The Veiled Prophet is a yearly pageant in St. Louis. It is a corpous affair in dress and parade, and is done in the interest of the arts and trades of that city.

F. W. H., Wood Lake, Neb.:

Would like to know the process for putting up hams as used by large packers, especially the packing process.

Nine pounds of rock salt, or coarse salt; two pounds of allspice; three and-a-half pounds of brown sugar; two ounces of saltpetre; one and one-half ounces of soda; six gallons of water, 110 pounds of hams.

Subscriber, Roann, Ind.:

Please give a recipe for staining lath for a lath fence.

A durable black paint for out door work, is ground charcoal in linseed oil with sufficient litharge as a drier. Or ground lamp black in boiled linseed oil. If green is desired, add to the black paint sufficient yellow ochre to make the shade of green required.

A. W. R., Waps, Cal.

Will you kindly inform me the meaning of the term "lied-letter day," and when and how it originated?

Red-letter days, auspicious or fortunate days. Days on which any memorable incident or happy occurence took place, or the commencing of long-severed friends was so called because the holidays and saints' festivals were formerly marked in the old calendar with red letters.

Mrs. N. H. P., Wallace, Kas.:

Please give hair curling fluid.

Take 2 drachms avoirdupois dry salt of tartar (carbonate of potassa), powdered cochineal, ½ drachm; liquor of ammonia and ceprit de rose, each 1 fluid drachm; glycerine, ¼ ounce; rectified spirits, 1½ Imperial fluid ounces; distilled water, 18 ounces; digest, with agitation, for a week, and then decant or filter. The hair is moistened with it, and then loosely adjusted. The effect occurs as it dries.

N. W. Gaylord, Mich.:

Please give a description of Bermudas.

The Bermudas is a low and lonely archipelago, a mere group of specks, for, though it numbers perhaps 500 islets, yet it measures only about 12,000 acres in all; the whole occupying a space of about twenty miles in length by little more than six in width. The four principal islands are St. George's, 3½ miles long; Bermuda, 15; Somerset, 3, and Ireland, 3—the breadth ranging between 2 miles and 1 furlong. The minor islands of St. David, Coopers, Smith, Long Island, Ireasuch, etc., from numerous picturesque creeks and bays of great size and depth, such as the Great Sound, Castle harbor, Harrington Sound, and others. Most of the other numbers of the group, individually insignificant, many of them without name or inhabitant. Bermuda forms an important depot for convicts, who are lodged in a large prison, and employed in various kinds of labor. Between Bermudas and Halifax, Nova Scotia, there is a regular steamer carrying the mails. The group is under the authority of a governor. The chief products are, potatoes, onions and other garden-vegetables, arrow-root, maize, etc.

"We Point With Pride"

To the "Good name at home," won by Hood's Sarsaparilla. In Lowell, Mass., where it is prepared, there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold than of all other medicines, and it has given the best of satisfaction since its introduction ten years ago. This could not be if the medicine did not possess merit. If you suffer from impure blood, try Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its peculiar curative power.

It is announced that Judge K. F. Phillips, of Kansas City, has been appointed commissioner of the general land office to succeed Gen. Sparks.

AN INTERESTING CHURCH CASE.

A Man Fined for Irreverence in Kneeling on Only One Knee Sues to Recover.

One of the most extraordinary cases that has ever come up before the supreme court of the Dominion has just been argued in Ottawa and is likely to be carried to the imperial privy council of Great Britain, the highest tribunal in the realm, before it is finally disposed of. It involves the question of right of the Roman Catholic church to exact or collect fines from members of the congregation who have failed to conform to the rules of the church.

The case at issue is that of Poitras vs. Lebean. The suit arose out of the refusal of the appellant to kneel on both knees during high mass in the church of Ste. Anne du Bout de l'Isle, near Montreal. The action for $2,000 was brought against the respondent for having instigated proceedings charging the appellant with having committed in said church an irreverent act, for which he (the appellant) had to pay the sum of $8.20 penalty. The case was tried by a jury and a verdict was rendered in favor of the respondent.

This verdict was appealed against before the court of review, when a new trial was granted on the ground that the evidence was contradictory and that the plaintiff had suffered damage. The court of appeal reversed the judgment and confirmed the verdict. Appeal was then made to the Supreme court of Canada.

In laying his case before the six judges of the Supreme court, Poitras stated that on Sunday, August 9, 1885, he was rowed across the river to St. Anne church, being too weak after a recent illness to drive. Finding no vacant seat when he entered the church, he remained near the door and when kneeling time came attempted to fall on both knees, but on account of the pain which the effort caused him, could only kneel on one knee. The respondent, who was constable of the church, ordered him to kneel on both knees, to which Poitras replied that he was too ill. After service the respondent called him a blackguard and said he would fix him. During the afternoon of the same day Poitras was arrested on a warrant charging him with having committed in the Church of Ste. Anne an act of irreverence in kneeling on one knee only, the other being slightly bent. Being unable to obtain bail for a few days, to avoid scandal, he paid the amount demanded, $8.20, under protest.

In his defense the respondent argues that a by-law which is explained from the pulpit every year insists on the church ordering people to kneel on both knees, and inflicting sick persons to attend mass in the sacristy. The case is being made a test of the right of the church to exact the penalty imposed, and there is no lack of money on both sides to carry it to the highest tribunal. The judges of the Supreme court, two of whom are Roman Catholics and four Protestants, have reserved judgment, which is waited with great interest.—*Boston Herald.*

The Old Silver Spoon.

How fresh to my mind are the days of my sickness,
When I tossed me in pain, all fevered and sore;
The burning, the nausea, the sinking and weakness,
And even the old spoon that my medicine bore.
The old silver spoon, the family spoon,
The sick-chamber spoon that my medicine bore.

How loth were my fever-parched lips to receive it,
How nauseous the stuff that it bore to my tongue,
And the pain at my inwards, oh, naught could relieve it,
Though tears of disgust from my eyeballs it wrung.
The old silver spoon, the medicine spoon,
How awful the stuff that it left on my tongue.

Such is the effect of nauseous, griping medicine which makes the sick man a prisoner of his bed. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, on the contrary, are small, sugar-coated, easy to take, purely vegetable and perfectly effective, 25 cents a box.

KILIMANJARO.

The Highest Peak in Africa Finally Scaled by Man.

Only meagre accounts have yet come to hand of the complete ascent of Kilimanjaro, the loftiest peak in Africa, by Dr. A. Meyer, of Leipsig, in August last, but there is no question of the important achievement. Dr. Meyer, it appears, was discovered by the missionary Rebmann, in 1848, and in the following year his colleague, Krapf, discovered its snow-covered companion, Kenia. In 1862 Van der Decken attempted to ascend Kilimanjaro, but succeeded only in reaching a height of 14,000 feet. In 1871 the Rev. Charles New ascended as far as the snow line, and in 1884 Mr. H. H. Johnston reached a height of 16,000 feet. Dr. Meyer took six days to reach the summit of the crater of Kibo. On the first day he reached the forest limit, on the second Johnston's camp, on the third, by extensive journeys over meadows, he attained the snow line; and here, as usual, his native companions deserted him. On the fourth day, through broken-up blocks of lava Dr. Meyer reached the foot of the crater, and the edge of the crater itself on the fifth day. This he found to be thickly glaciated, as also the region which lies between the crater of Kibo and its lower companion summit, Kimawezi. The sixth day Dr. Meyer spent in taking photographs and making collections around Kibo, and he also spent several days lower down at the snow limit for a similar purpose. He estimates the height of the Kibo summit close on 20,000 feet, considerably higher than the estimates of Mr. Johnston. Dr. Meyer's detailed narrative of his journey will be looked for with interest.

Painless Regulation.

It is no longer a question of doubt—although the contrary was once believed—that medicines which produce violent effects are unsuited to other than desperate emergencies. In other words, that super-potent remedies are calculated to weaken and injure the system rather than reform its irregularities. Among medicines of debilitating effect are cathartics and cholagogues which copiously and abruptly evacuate the bowels. Because it does not do this, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is preferable to the drastic purgatives in popular use, while in its effects, it is sufficiently active to remedy chronic constipation. It relieves by invigorating the intestines, and enables, not forces, them to perform the duty imposed upon them by nature. Promoting the secretion of bile in normal quantities by its healthfully stimulating effect upon the liver, it is eminently conducive to digestion, and countinues in no small degree to keep the bowels regular.

A Loyal Son's Prayer.

He was a dear little Boston boy, and he had been brought up beautifully. He behaves well, he is tender-hearted, and he says his nightly prayer because he believes in it, and he thinks he has been made to do it. Not so very long ago his father died, and in trying to explain the strange absence which he mourned they told him that his father had gone to live with God. So the other night, when he had ended his usual petitions, he paused, and then again began: "O God, my papa has gone to live with you. Won't you please be kind to him?" Then he waited a moment, as if considering something important, and added gravely: "His name is John J. S. Stevens."

The Story of a Prescription.

A druggist tells this story at his own expense. Said he: "A man came in with a prescription, and I noticed that the paper did not bear the name of any physician. I called the customer's attention to it, and he replied that he knew all about who wrote this prescription. Never mind,' said he 'who wrote it. The doctor signed his name when he left.' 'What did you cut it off for?' I asked eagerly. 'So that I wouldn't have to pay you his commission,' was the innocent response. I then tacked on 15 cents extra for luck, but gave him a glass of soda with a wink in it, and he walked out with the air of a man immensely tickled at the success of his scheme."—*Boston Gazette.*

Cuticura
A POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
Skin and Blood
Disease
from
PIMPLES to SCROFULA

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INstantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This, repeated daily, with full doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Chapped and Oily Skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

The Thief and the Pistol.

An American traveler, while returning home at nightfall through one of the suburbs of Cadiz, suddenly encountered a savage-looking fellow, who, stepping up to him, demanded his money.

The American replied by clapping a pistol to his assailant's head, and then, as the man recoiled, seizing him by the throat and shouting for help in both English and Spanish, happening to be within hearing, the thief was secured and brought up for examination the next morning.

Scarcely had he been sentenced when the magistrate turned sharply upon the American, asking: "Monsieur, have you a license to carry firearms?"

"No, I haven't."

"Then I must fine you for having that pistol in your possession."

"But is there any fine for carrying a pistol which cannot be fired?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'm all right, for my pistol has no lock, and I intended that day to take it a gunsmith for repair."

Here the thief broke out with a cry of fury and despair at having been so easily deceived, and he probably always remembered the occasion as one on which his native wit had deserted him.—*Youth's Companion.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and prevent the worst cases of deafness, (all kinds of conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

Where Italy Gets Her Wheat.

The Austrian Consul General in Venice, in a report to his government, notices the rapid increase in the wheat imports of Italy since 1871. In that year they amounted to less than 3,000,000 quintals; during the present year they will be more than 10,000,000, although the import duty has been increased from 1 to 3 lire. The export is very trifling, and is diminishing. The wheat imported from the United States is very small. By far the largest part of Italian imported wheat comes from British India, that from the Russian ports coming next. The Indian wheat is also the best, and produces the highest yield per of flour.

It is so cheap that competition by European producers is out of the question. From the statistics it appears that if, with the same area of land under cultivation, the Italian agriculturist could increase the production by rather less than 20 per cent (from 11 to 13 hectolitres per hectare) a large part of the present grain import would cease, for Italians would be able to supply their own wants.—*London Times.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1887.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE Co., Publishers. D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents. Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 106,000.

THE BLADE FOR 1888.

Has it occurred to you, reader, that the Presidential campaign for 1888 will be even more hotly contested than that of 1884? And has it also occurred to you that you need to read a first-class newspaper, during this intensely exciting and interesting political battle, which will cover the summer and fall of 1888?

If these things have not occurred to you, we beg to call your attention to them—and also to the fact that the renewal season for subscriptions is at hand. In view of the coming Presidential campaign, all the present subscribers of the BLADE should renew, and every one who does not take it, should come in at this time and get it for the year.

We are glad to announce, as a special feature of the BLADE for the great campaign year, that the NASBY LETTERS will be a leading feature during its continuance. "Mr. Nasby" has been very quiet for some time, but he sees the postoffice at the X Roads trembling in the balance, and he is preparing to do his best to win the day!

Everybody will want the series of Nasby letters for the coming campaign. Subscribe for the BLADE, and get them in full!

Not only will these letters be a conspicuous feature of the BLADE, but the regular departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

PERSONAL RIGHTS VS. THE STATE'S RIGHTS.

People talk very glibly of the "inherent rights" of the individual, of personal liberty, etc., without any very clear idea of what they are talking about. It may be of interest to trace very briefly the evolution of civilization, and see what rights a man really possesses, and how far the power of the state controls him.

It is easily to be understood that in a savage state the individual had to depend entirely upon himself. His food was the spoils of the chase, or the wild seeds and nuts and fruits that were produced without cultivation. His life depended upon his own courage and alertness—for every man's hand was against him, and his hand against every man.

It is plain that savages could not live in communities other than single families without each individual agreeing to hold sacred the property and person of his fellows in the community, and to make their cause his own against all comers. And it is very evident that some primitive form of government should be established that the peace of the community might be preserved; and a chiefship was established. The infractions of the rights of property then began to be punished by process of law, rude, of course, but still effective.

The further evolution of civilization from the tribal relation, ruled by a petty chief, depended only upon the one fact which made the tribe possible, viz: that the individual should be prohibited from doing certain things, the state—which is but another name for the collective authority of the tribe—guaranteeing him protection against these same things from his fellows. He practically agreed to keep from robbing his comrades of their ornaments, their weapons, their wives, or anything that happened to strike his fancy among their possessions, the state in return agreeing that his belongings should be sacred from invasion by all others. This is the social compact, which alone makes civilization possible.

But what privileges—or "rights," if you choose to use a vague term—are left to the individual, under this solemn compact? They are not enumerated. The maxim of law is, that whatever is not forbidden is permitted. A man may do whatever he will, so long as he does not violate any of the "thou shalt nots" of the law. He has absolute liberty of action so long as he does not transgress the law.

In our own form of government, a republic, the people make the laws—or, rather, they elect a certain number to make them. "Whatever is done by the agent is done by the principal;" hence the majority of the people are responsible for all legal enactments. Our government is founded upon the principle of the rule of the majority. What a majority of the people enact, that is the law, and must be obeyed by all, whether they like it or not. That is the theory of our government; and the one great danger to which we are exposed is a refusal to obey the will of that majority. The strict observance of a law is a duty—an imperative one—whether we may approve that law or not. It by no means follows that a man shall not labor to have an objectionable law repealed; that he shall strive to convert a part of the majority over to the minority's way of thinking, in order that the unpalatable verdict may be reversed. But so long as the law stands, it must be obeyed; and he who does not do so is the enemy of free government. For the social compact, in a republic, involves the prompt obedience of every citizen to the will of the majority. For one to refuse to obey when the majority are opposed to him is to violate this compact.

Every citizen has the individual, political right to use his ballot, and the will of the majority of his fellow citizens is to be given effect against violent and reactionary changes, there is a sort of "higher law" established, called the constitution, and all legislation, it is decreed, shall be in accordance with this instrument; but the constitution itself may be changed by a majority of the people, after certain stipulations have been complied with, which only serve to protect it from hasty and ill-considered changes. Hence the individual may justly be said to have no rights save those granted him by a majority of his fellow citizens. But as they are as much bound by their own act as is himself, it is clear that they will not be tyrannical. They will prescribe no law for his observance that they are not willing to observe themselves.

How absurd in the light thus thrown on the real state of the case, is all this prating about "personal liberty," about "sumptuary laws," and the like, in connection with Prohibitory legislation! There is no "right," under our form of government, which a man possesses, which will stand against the will of a majority. He can not claim to stand on a higher plane, and to be above authority. Prohibition of the manufacture and sale of Rum means just this: that the majority of the people of a state have become convinced that it is inimical to the best interests of the commonwealth, that the people will be happier and better with this traffic destroyed; they are willing to let Rum alone, and not to make, nor buy nor sell it. Nobody's "rights" are invaded, because no man has a right that is superior to the will of the majority. That is the power that gives him all the liberty he enjoys, and the same power can either extend or curtail this liberty, as it shall see fit.

The bitter opposition to the Prohibition movement finds its expression in a cry of "tyranny," the "invasion of personal rights," etc. This is meaningless, in a country under our form of government. There is no tyranny about it. It is merely the recording of the will of the people that one thing more shall be placed in the category of things prohibited. A man may not build a dam in a stream that will cause the latter to overflow his neighbor's land. He may not let a vicious animal run loose, because it may injure his neighbor. He may not sell Rum, because it brings his neighbor to degradation and ruin, and his family to poverty and misery. The power is as assured in the one case as in the other; and all the shrieks of a violation of "personal liberty" will not avail to stop the growing effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

NO FREE TRADE JOBBERY.

The friends of the American protective system need not fear the efforts of the CARLISLE free trade wing of the Democracy during the Fiftieth Congress. It is powerless. These base slaves of a policy to benefit foreign nations and impoverish ourselves, will have to content themselves with talking, for they can not carry a single measure which is inimical to American industries. This statement is proved by the following array of facts:

The Democrats have only fifteen majority, all told, in the lower House of Congress. Mr. RANDALL is a Democrat and also a protectionist. There are between twenty and thirty Democratic members who will vote as Mr. RANDALL does; and no Republican member will vote to assail the protective system. Hence it is clear, first, that the free traders can accomplish nothing in the way of positive legislation; second, that the talk of "downing RANDALL" is merely the windy vaporing of his enemies; and, third, that the administration will have to treat Mr. RANDALL with the most distinguished consideration if it expects to get the slightest help from him and his friends—and it is a woodchuck case; it has *got* to have them!

THE free trade cranks blame everything upon the tariff, from a drouth to a superabundant crop. The recently organized "trusts" have been declared to be "the result of the protective policy," although it is clear that they are not. For instance, here is the tin trust. The price of tin has risen because of its operations, and it is claimed that it is a child of protection. On the contrary, this particular trust is the child of free trade. There is no duty on block tin, to which the trust relates. There is a low rate of duty on tin plates—too low to be protective—with the result that there is no tin plate made in the United States, and we import from $18,000,000 to $20,000,000 worth of it each year. Here is a clear case of a trust that is in vigorous operation and fostered by the lack of a tariff.

THE London papers of the next day had considerable comment on the fact that the congregation at the morning service in Canterbury cathedral on October 24 consisted of but one person—the smallest on record previously being four. This causes the people to count the cost of the Established church (which is about $20,000,000 a year in England), and of maintaining daily service in Canterbury cathedral. It supports a dean with £2,000 a year and a palace, six resident canons with £1,000 a year each, four minor canons with £300 a year each, and a number of preachers who are paid by the piece, besides precentors, choristors and numerous officers who are more or less handsomely remunerated.

AT last it seems to be really Mr. POWDERLY's intention to resign the position of General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor at the expiration of his present term of office. The socialistic or rule-or-ruin elements are a constant source of irritation and trouble, and Mr. POWDERLY has grown tired of spending his strength in fighting them, instead of working for the growth and improvement of the order itself. His withdrawal will be a staggering blow at the prosperity of the Knights.

THERE is a steady growth in the number of possible candidates for the Republican presidential nomination. There is a tendency to bring up the best Republican in each state, and send the state delegation for him. LINCOLN gets Illinois, ALLISON gets Iowa, HARRISON gets Indiana, and so on. This a good sign. It shows a steady growth of the idea that the choice does not necessarily lie between two chronic candidates.

DON DICKINSON's chances for appointment as postmaster general to succeed VILAS have been imperiled through a Detroit newspaper which, while commending DICKINSON in the highest terms, took occasion to make comparisons between his style of Democracy and the President's brand, to the great disadvantage of the latter. CLEVELAND's silly vanity is wounded, and he looks askance at the doughty DON.

IF the third-party Prohibitionist vote goes on steadily growing in Ohio, at the same rate it has in the past two years, and the voting population keeps on increasing in its present ratio, that party will obtain a majority in November, A. D. 2318—that is, 426 years hence.

THE free-traders would be glad to have CARLISLE drop RANDALL as chairman of the committee on Ways and Means, but they don't dare urge it. To put Mr. RANDALL in the light of a martyr would be to do a dangerous thing.

THE DEFEAT IN ATLANTA.

After two years of Prohibition, Atlanta goes back to the saloon. The result of the election held on Saturday was a majority of 1,122 for Rum out of a total vote of 9,500. Two years ago the county was carried for Prohibition by 228 majority out of a total vote of about 8,000.

The deciding factor in this backward step was undoubtedly the negro vote. It was felt from the first that the colored citizens would have the decision in their hands, and the most earnest efforts were put forth by both sides to capture this vote. The enemies of Prohibition used with great effect the argument that Prohibition was a scheme to prevent the negroes from drinking, but that the whites could always obtain all that they wanted.

The symbol of the Rum element was a red ribbon, and its war-cry was "Liberty"—meaning, it is presumed, liberty to degrade and impoverish one's fellow men. This deceptive cry was used to catch colored votes through their reverence for the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in the manner described below, which is from a special dated the day before the election:

To-day the antis flooded the town with posters upon which was a picture of Abraham Lincoln, and on his knees, kissing the hand of the great president, was a negro man, while on the ground were the shackles which had fallen from his limbs. Behind him stood his wife, in her arms a sucking babe, and by her side a 4-year old child. In flaming letters were the words, "Proclamation of Freedom." Then followed a sentence from one of Mr. Lincoln's speeches, in which he denounced prohibition as an infringement on human rights. This poster was circulated freely among the negroes and had a wonderful effect.

We think that we have explained above the real causes of this reversal of the verdict at the polls two years ago. Then the vote was very close. This year the registration increased 2,000. How these new voters cast their ballots can not be told; but making the colored men believe that the cause of Rum is the cause of "Liberty," invoking at the same time the name of the martyr LINCOLN; and the careful fostering of the jealous feeling in the colored voter's breast that his white fellow-citizen could get Rum whenever he liked it, and that the Prohibition law was only to keep the negroes sober—are ample to account for a change really so small; for it only required a change of 675 votes from Prohibition to Rum to give the majority received for the latter on Saturday.

There was, of course, the usual amount of wholesale lying. The advocates of the Rum Power overdid themselves. They declared, on the one hand, that the town was decaying, that the number of vacant houses had increased, that everybody wanted to sell and nobody to buy, and that workingmen have been compelled to emigrate to find employment—all because of Prohibition. But, on the other hand, they also declared that Prohibition was a failure, that a man could get all the Rum he wanted if he tried, and that in the last year there had been drank $1,700,000 worth of Rum, in its various forms, in Atlanta!

Now, it is obvious that if both these things are true, the first mentioned state of affairs can not be justly charged to Prohibition, for the second set of statements shows that there was no Prohibition! To our way of thinking, if the second statement is true, of itself it affords a full and convincing reason for the first mentioned state of affairs; it is to be be charged to Rum, and not to Prohibition! As a matter of sober fact, however, neither statement is true to any great extent.

The Prohibition experiment in Atlanta was one only in name. It was not a fair trial of Prohibition. The accursed Rum Power dare not give any city a two years' trial of its methods, for the verdict would be enormously and overwhelmingly against Rum. The law never had a fair chance in Atlanta, for the reasons:

First—While Prohibition was voted two years ago, the licenses granted by the city all ran till they expired by limitation; and the first year after the election was gone before the last of these licenses expired.

Second—The "wine-room clause" of the local option law allowed places to be open for the sale of domestic wines—which afforded an easy means of evading the law by selling all kinds of liquors on the sly. A recent law of the Georgia legislature, which does not go into effect until January 1, puts a license fee of $10,000 per year upon wine-rooms.

It is clear to any unprejudiced person that Prohibition had not a fair trial in Atlanta. Imperfect as the workings of the law were, under the above-named hindrances, it was still a blessing to the people of Atlanta. The deposits in the savings banks increased; there was a marked increase in the number of pupils in attendance at the public schools, and more of the working classes attended church; the poorer part of the population bought more of the merchants; they were better fed, better clothed, and better housed. All these things are facts of record, not to be disputed. The saloons were shut, and weak and easily tempted men were shielded from their malign influence. The old soakers, the men who are compelled to have Rum or die, found means to evade the law, as they always do; but the next crop of drunkards was cut off by the closing of the saloons. Atlanta will yet see the error of her ways, and will again adopt Prohibition to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

TEACHING IN THE VERNACULAR.

The school board election in St. Louis the other day hinged upon the question, "Shall pupils be taught the common branches in the German language in the public schools?" One party declared that the cost was too great, and that schools supported by taxation should be required to teach the language of the country, and not that of foreign-born citizens; the other party favored the continuation of the plan of German teaching.

The result was a decisive victory for those opposed to the teaching of the common branches in any other language save English. This will save about $100,000 per year, which it is proposed to put into new school-houses and give more children a chance to obtain at least the rudiments of our English education. The same question is bound to come up speedily in other cities of our land.

MAN is still very much of a savage at heart, especially in his treatment of the inferior animals. It is of interest to note anything which marks the progress of our slow evolution from savagery to a higher condition. At least one step is marked by the recent decision of the full bench of the Massachusetts Supreme court, in affirming the conviction, by a lower court, of ELMER TURNER, of Rockland, that state, for keeping a fox which he turned loose to be hunted by dogs. The defendant based his appeal on the ground that the statute under which he was convicted did not refer to obnoxious animals. The Supreme court held, however, that the statute included all animals, and that it was wanton torture to hold a wild beast in subjection until it became tame and then worry it to death by dogs. The decision is of interest to fox hunters in all parts of the country.

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

The causes leading to the resignation of M. GREVY, the President of the French Republic, are such as can hardly be understood and appreciated by the American people. The trouble first began with the disclosure of the fact that Gen. CAFFAREL and others connected with the government in a subordinate capacity had been trafficking in decorations, and selling the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

This of itself did not affect M. GREVY. But an investigation proved that M. WILSON, the son-in-law of the President, and himself a member of the Chamber of Deputies, had been concerned in these scandals. WILSON was compelled to resign his seat by his constituents, and when the question of pushing an inquiry into the charges against WILSON came up in the Chamber, it was not made a government question, nearly all the Deputies present voting to go on with the investigation.

It is to be remembered that there is in France a strong party which does not believe in a republic. They are monarchists. They agree among themselves, however, only on the plank of opposition to the republic, and work together only when their votes can embarrass or injure the present form of government. They are split up into various factions, some supporting the elder or the younger Bourbon families, and some being Bonapartists. The opportunity of these conservatives came with the vote on CLEMENCEAU'S resolution. It will be remembered that the latter proposed an interpellation of the government on the political situation. M. ROUVIER, the Premier, asked a postponement until a given date, a week in the future. In voting on this proposition, the monarchists, seeing their opportunity to deal a blow at the republic, voted against the postponement.

Under the French mode of procedure, which is modelled after the English system, the square defeat of the government on such a vote as this requires either the resignation of the ministry or an appeal to the people and the election of a new Chamber of Deputies. Generally it is the former alternative which is taken, as it was in this case. Mr. ROUVIER and his colleagues at once placed their resignations in the hands of President GREVY.

But the opponents of GREVY demanded that he, too, should resign. They harped upon the connection of WILSON, his son-in-law, with the CAFFAREL scandal, and built up a strong feeling among the people that GREVY also should resign. The personal spite which is so strong a factor in French politics, aided in preventing the formation of any possible ministry. Nobody would accept the trust of forming a new Cabinet under GREVY, and the latter was forced to do what his enemies wanted—agree to tender his resignation.

That he could be thus compelled to do this, shows a "structural weakness" in the French constitution. The executive is thus placed at the mercy of the legislative power. The precedent is thus set that when the Deputies gives a majority hostile to the government on any matter of the latter's policy, the President of the Republic must step down and out. This is a weakness in the constitution that may lead to grave dangers in the future. Accustomed as we are to complete independence of the executive, it is hard to understand clearly the French situation; but it is as if CLEVELAND were compelled to resign the Presidency because GARLAND is discovered to be one of the gang of Pan-electric swindlers.

It is fortunate for France that GREVY is a patriot, a thorough Republican, who in this crisis thinks of his country first and himself next. He might, under the constitution, have appealed to the French people, by dissolving the chamber and ordering new elections for deputies. But in the present excited condition of France, this would have been dangerous to the republic. With a split in the ranks of the Republicans concerning GREVY himself, the opposition would find their opportunity, and it might easily be that a chamber would be elected with a majority of monarchists. This would mean a revolution, and the return to some form of monarchy. But GREVY preferred to resign to having the country placed in this danger.

It is now announced that his resignation will be presented to the National Assembly on Thursday, when it will be accepted and his successor elected. The latter will probably be M. FERRY.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

"WHY is New York so strongly free trade?" asks a correspondent of the BLADE. The state is not; the free trade sentiment is all located in the city of New York. The farmers of the Empire state are no more free traders than are the farmers of Ohio. The reason that free trade flourishes in that city is easily explained. It is because New York is the great importing city of the country. A reduction of the tariff will enormously increase imports, and thus increase the business of these men. There you have it in a nutshell. Pure, selfish advantage is at the bottom of it. This intense selfishness goes far toward explaining the lack of patriotic feeling in the metropolis, which allows Gen. GRANT's remains to rest in a brick tomb, looking like a rural bake-oven, and declines to contribute to build a suitable monument and tomb.

A CALL has been issued, signed by the presidents of several Republican clubs of the country, for a national convention of Republican clubs, to be held in New York city on December 15. The primary object of holding this convention is stated to be, to consider the propriety of organizing, in the various states of the Union, a large number of Republican clubs, and to determine the best manner of conducting their work. Also to devise some system whereby all of these clubs in state and national politics, and the formation of a national league. There can be no doubt that the plan proposed, if carried into practical operation, will have the effect to infuse much new life among the Republican workers. Organization and systematic effort mean party success.

IT is probable that there will be another contest for the America cup next year. The changes recently made in the deed of gift have caused some dissatisfaction, and seem to make our friends across the Atlantic doubt their ability to beat the American centreboard under the new conditions But a challenge is now thought likely on the part of the owner of the Irex, the fastest boat in British waters before the Thistle was built.

THE OPPOSITION TO LAMAR.

The New York *World* is disingenuous when it complains of Republican opposition to Mr. LAMAR's confirmation as a justice of the Supreme court. It says that the objection urged against LAMAR "relates entirely to his connection with the rebellion." Reasoning from this false ground, the *World* goes on:

If Mr. Lamar is disqualified for any position under the government by reason of his connection with the Confederacy, was not the war a stupendous failure, reconstruction a sham and amnesty a mockery? What was the war for, if not to restore the Union and to make fellow-citizens again of the Southern people? Is there a single sane man in all the South who does not admit that the arbitrament of war was final upon all the questions involved in it?

Mr. LAMAR's participation in the rebellion is no disqualification whatever. His disabilities have been removed, and he is on the same plane as all other American citizens. The only test of fitness is that which should apply to any candidate for the Supreme bench, whether he comes from East or West, North or South.

The *World* must be indeed ignorant if it really believes there is not "a single sane man in all the South who does not admit that the arbitrament of war was final upon all the questions involved in it." The one question which was the foundation of the unconstitutional and rebellious action of South has not been settled. The people of the South still cling to the theory of state sovereignty, or state rights. They believe that a man's fealty is due to his state, and not to the nation.

This belief means simply this: that the South had a right to secede, and that it was unjustly conquered and overpowered by the North; that the men of the South were patriots, and not traitors, and that we of the North were tyrants.

Mr. LAMAR holds this pernicious doctrine. He is a believer in state rights. He declared, on the floor of the Senate, that no man should call JEFF DAVIS a traitor in his presence, without rebuke. He believes the "Lost Cause" was a just and holy one, instead of its being an outrageous attempt to overthrow the best government the world has yet seen. It was a protest against progress, against the spirit of the age. It aimed to found a new government upon the corner-stone of human slavery.

No man who holds to a doctrine that makes the entire nation, save the rebel states, a tyrannical oppressor, that upholds the hideous treason of 1860-61 as just and right, is fit to go upon the Supreme bench of the nation. It is a burning shame that this should be, and every Republican Senator who proves a traitor to the cause of national unity by voting for LAMAR's confirmation should be marked as unworthy of confidence.

ANOTHER NEW PORTRAIT—ROBERT LINCOLN.

So great is the interest now manifested in ROBERT T. LINCOLN, in connection with the next Republican National convention, that we yielded to the request of thousands of subscribers who ask us to add him to the Blade's Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men. We have therefore had engraved at great expense an excellent portrait of ROBERT LINCOLN, which is uniform in size with other portraits of our publication, but *this one* is printed in tints, at a greater cost than the others, and is pronounced by judges to be the finest one in our Gallery. As a likeness it is absolutely correct, and as a piece of art work it is handsomely executed. We mail them singly, post paid, for 25 cents.

GREVY GOES.

The seven years' term for which President GREVY was elected does not expire until 1892. Hence the vacancy caused by his resignation will have to be filled by the French Parliament, the two Houses voting together. The difficulty seems to be to find a candidate that is at all acceptable to the majority of the two Houses and to the nation. France has not a plethora of really great men; and there is great danger to the stability of the Republic in the choice of a popular idol—say BOULANGER, for instance.

It may be of interest to give a brief sketch of the governmental machinery of France, and aid the reader in understanding clearly the cable reports of the exciting crisis which is now upon the French people:

The Chamber of Deputies consists of members elected by electoral districts; each department being one district. Deputies are chosen in the ratio of one for each 70,000 inhabitants, the entire district voting on each candidate, after the manner of our old Representative-at-Large. The Department of the Seine—another name for Paris—has thirty-eight members. The whole of France has 568; 6 sit for Algeria and 10 for the Colonies, making in all 584. [There are in the House of Commons 670 members; in the American House of Representatives 325, on the basis of one for every 154,000 inhabitants. Population of France, 38,000,000; of Great Britain and Ireland, 38,000,000; of the United States, 60,000,000.]

The electors of France exceed in number 10,000,000, and more than 7,000,000 of these are interested enough in their political destiny to vote. The qualifications are 21 years of age and citizenship, which is obtained by two years' residence in any one town or canton. A deputy must be 25 years old. The Senate, or Upper House, is composed of 300 members, of whom 75 are for life; but vacancies in this category are filled by election for nine years. The election of the senators is indirect, but is practically controlled by ballots voting with delegates chosen by communes and municipalities. Thus Paris comes to have 30 senators. No qualifications are required except to have reached 40 years of age and to be a Frenchman. Representatives are elected for four years.

Both Houses act conjointly in legislation, but financial laws must originate in the Lower House. The President of the Republic is chosen by the two houses in joint session. His term is seven years, and he may be re-elected. In addition to the executive functions of our President he has also the right to initiate legislation, concurrently with the two houses. He is the head of the army and of all service; with the assent of the Senate he may dissolve the House of Deputies before the legal expiration of its term, but new elections must be held within three months. The ministers are responsible to the Chambers; the President is independent of them except for high treason. He cannot declare war, however, without the assent in advance of the two Houses.

IT seems probable that the United States Senate will be the scene of several controversies this winter, and if anything may be judged from the tone of expression of Senators now in Washington, the discussion of the action of the administration in appointing commissioners to negotiate for the settlement of the fisheries dispute will be a most animated one. It looks at present as if a severe rebuke would be administered to the administration for its unwarrantable course.

ON December 1, Messrs. FRANK HATTON and ROBERT P. PORTER will begin in New York City the publication of a new Republican morning paper, to be called the *Press*. There is an ample field for such a paper in that city, and we know of no part of the country where a popular advocate of unflinching Republicanism is more needed.

THE official vote of the city and county of New York at the recent election was as follows for secretary of State: FREDERICK COOK (Dem.), 111,186; F. D. GRANT (Rep.), 58,963; HENRY GEORGE (United Labor), 37,477; EDWARD HALL (Pro.), 5,889; DEWITT C. HUNTINGTON (Socialist), 1,313; scattering, 99. Total vote cast, 214,927.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, it is reported, has selected the city of Brooklyn as his place of residence when he retires faom the White House in 1889. Mr. CLEVELAND is a wise man to make his arrangements so promptly for retiring from office at the end of his only term as President.

IT is hardly consistent for Virginia Bourbon sheets to criticise the action of the New York Republicans in nominating Col. GRANT, and then boom that specimen of hopeless mediocrity, FITZHUGH LEE, for the Vice Presidency, because he is the nephew of ROBERT E. LEE.

THE advent of Thanksgiving was signalized by heavy rains over the greater portion of the drouth-stricken West and Southwest, and the people had something present and tangible for which to return hearty thanks to an overruling Providence.

LAMAR AS THE TOOL OF THE RAILWAYS.

While Land Commissioner SPARKS was by no means a model official, yet it is a matter of regret, in one respect, at least, that he has been driven from office by Secretary LAMAR. The struggle between him and LAMAR, which ended in a quarrel, was a fight by SPARKS on the part of the people, and by LAMAR on the part of the land-grabbing corporations in the West. The defeat and retirement of SPARKS means not only the triumph of LAMAR, but the triumph of these rascally thieves who are trying to steal the patrimony of the people.

SPARKS urged the strictest construction of the land-grant laws in the interests of the government. LAMAR favored the giving of the widest latitude to the corporations under the law. In fact, he accepted their own assertions and claims as to what what they were entitled to under the law. SPARKS remonstrated, and urged his superior, LAMAR, not to follow a course opposed to public policy and to the law itself, if construed with any strictures whatever. LAMAR flew into a rage, and instead of answering SPARKS's arguments, wrote a letter to CLEVELAND which practically was a demand that the latter should at once choose between LAMAR and SPARKS. Of course the latter had to go.

This matter affords another reason why LAMAR should not go on the Supreme bench of the nation. The people want no man there who is the tool of corporations. In this matter he has practically surrendered the rights of the people to these monopolistic organizations. The point is very easily understood. By the terms of the great land grants, indian lands and lands reserved for other purposes, in the area covered by the grant, are excepted from the total amounts given to the railroads. To make up the full grants to the latter they are given "indemnity lands." These are as given outside of the lines of the grant to make up the full amount. But it seems that the railroad companies have not only been taking "indemnity" lands in lieu of those occupied by settlers, but to make up for the amount originally reserved and excepted when the grants were made.

A case was taken up from a Kansas court to the Supreme court of the United States in 1875, and a decision was made that the land grant acts with the "indemnity" clauses could not be so construed. This decision has been followed ever since in the land department. SPARKS, in the Omaha case, applied this decision, and Secretary LAMAR overruled him, thus going contrary to the ruling of the Supreme court, and setting up a precedent to be followed hereafter by the Land office, which will result in the theft of millions of acres of land from the people. Secretary LAMAR has shown himself the conscienceless tool of the railways, and has established a reputation by this one act as malodorous as that of GARLAND, the Pan-electric swindler.

OHIO'S OFFICIAL VOTE.

The official vote of all the counties of the state has been reported to the secretary of state, and the totals on governor stand as follows:

Foraker, Rep.	356,937
Powell, Dem.	333,205
Bentz, Labor	24,712
Sharp, Proh.	29,700
Scattering	14
Total vote cast	744,568

This is the largest total vote ever cast in Ohio except at the October and November elections of 1884. The total vote in 1885 was 733,966, and in 1886, 704,233. FORAKER's plurality over POWELL, 23,732 LYON was ahead of FORAKER several thousand votes.

The third-party Prohibitionist vote shows a slight increase, that for LEONARD in 1885 being 28,081.

THE Eastern papers are complaining of the scarcity of cents. The New York SUN says:

Several months since it was very difficult to make change. The United States mint relieved the market by pouring out a large lot of bright new coins, and pennies were plentiful once more. But they have gradually been disappearing from circulation and now they are scarce again.

The sole reason for the present scarcity is the hoarding of these coins by the children of the land, in anticipation of Christmas. The phenomenal scarcity of cents is an annual occurrence at this time of year. They will be a drug in tradesmen's tills after the holidays.

THE Democrats are in a terrible way because the Republicans have a majority of states in the national House of Representatives, and hence would be able to elect their candidate in case the Presidency were thrown into the House. They are preparing to unseat a Republican Representative from Indiana, who had 2,500 majority, and give his seat to his Democratic opponent. Of course right and justice must be overthrown; but when did any such consideration ever deter a Bourbon from taking a political advantage?

GOVERNOR BEAVER, of Pennsylvania, has appointed a delegation to wait upon the President and request him to incorporate in his next message to Congress a suggestion relative to legislation looking to the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration. This is a step in the right direction. There is no likelihood of any dispute arising between ourselves and any other nation of the world that can be settled only by the sword. Let the United States be the first of the nations to learn war no longer, and to set an example to all other countries of practical Christianity.

THE Knights of Labor have no more bitter foe than the Southern Democrats. There are two measures to come up before the South Carolina legislature at its coming session, which will be of more than local interest. The first is a bill to "punish organized interference with labor and wages," aimed at the Knights of Labor, and the other is a bill to pension ex-Confederates. The spread of the Knights of Labor organization among the negroes is giving the Bourbon leaders much uneasiness.

EVERY day, almost, the telegraph brings the tidings that CLEVELAND is busily engaged on his message. We exhort the President to cut it short. Boil it down, GROVER! Don't inflict on the country such a weary waste of turgid flapdoodle as you have for the two past years. Make a column and a half of it, and let it go at that. You can get all you know of governmental matters in half that space, if you will only try. Put on the "condenser."

ALTHOUGH Senator COLQUITT, of Georgia, declared in his recent article in the *Forum* that there is no suppression of the negro vote in the South, Governor MCENERY, of Louisiana, and his opponent, ex-Governor NICHOLLS, both admit the fact, and MCENERY acknowledges his share in its suppression in Louisiana. The truth of this charge can not much longer be kept from the knowledge of the states of the North.

"DAKOTA will not get into the Union, either as one state or two, this session," is the substance of a statement made by Congressman CATCHINGS, of Mississippi, to a newspaper man. The Bourbons of the South propose to hold on to power as long as they can, irrespective of justice or honesty.

QUININE is on the free list. It does not pay a cent of duty. Yet a quinine "trust" has been formed, which includes both domestic and foreign manufacturers. The tariff has nothing to do with promoting trusts. They are apparently more favored by free trade than by protection.

SENATOR RIDDLEBERGER says he thinks BLAINE can carry Virginia in 1888.

MR. LOCKE'S NEW SERIAL NEXT WEEK.

As we announced last week, we publish on the first page of to-day's BLADE an excellent short story from the facile pen of Mr. D. R. LOCKE—"The Story of a Love Not Blighted." We are sure that our readers will be pleased with it. Next week we will begin a short serial story, by Mr LOCKE, entitled

"John Duncan's Widow."

This story will run in the BLADE'S columns for three weeks, and before its close we shall have certain other arrangements perfected, and the announcements made, which we are sure will be most pleasing to the half-million readers of the BLADE.

OUR RED WARDS.

It appears, from the report of the Commissioner, that our total Indian population has decreased nearly 5,000. While the total number for the previous year was 264,359, the total for the last year reported was but 259,483. And there is no doubt but that this total was exaggerated. Two-fifths of this decrease was owing to the fact that the Arapahoes and Cheyennes had been counted meanwhile, and their actual numbers proved to be 2,000 less than the rough estimate made by lodges.

The Indians are superstitious about being counted; and besides they make more rations when a family of three gets supplies for a family of five. An attempt to force an actual census would probably result in war, and, as the same result is being gradually attained, the authorities have never tried to compel the taking of the census. There are the Sioux Indians, for example. They have never been counted, and it is probable that if an actual count was made their latest number, as now reported, would be reduced some 2,000.

The Indians, however, are dying out very rapidly, and as the tribes grow fewer in number the individuals become wealthier, and in the course of a few years the millionaires of the country will be found among these Indian tribes. They now control large quantities of land, which is becoming more valuable each year, and have besides trust funds in the treasury, amounting altogether to over $1,000,000. In addition the government, as shown by Holman report, appropriates large amounts for their support yearly and provides schools for their children.

A VEXATIOUS PROVISION.

The postmaster general's ruling as to what printing is permissible on second, third and fourth class mail matter, has created as much of a sensation among the business men of the entire country as the rebel flag order did among the veterans who wore the blue. There is a most vigorous howl of protest going up all over the country because of the order, which puts a very strict interpretation upon a law passed in 1879. The purport of that provision, as interpreted by VILAS, is that no writing nor printing, save the name of the sender, may be marked on the wrapper or envelope containing newspapers or circulars. A violation of the statute entails the payment of letter postage.

Appeals and remonstrances have poured in upon the postmaster general in clouds to have his order rescinded or modified. His answer to one and all is practically this, which is a copy of the essential part of a reply received by a business house:

There is but one way in which the relief you seek could be granted, and that is by openly violating the law. No power of suspension of the statute is granted. The duty of the officers of the postal service, as of every citizen is simply to obey it. * * * I am not entitled to criticise a law which is enacted by the lawful power, yet will venture to say that to me it appears difficult to justify the full extent to which the exclusion of printing upon packets of third and fourth class matter extends.

As soon as Congress meets there will be an energetic effort made for the repeal or amendment of this law, which will doubtless be done. There seems to be a needless stringency about it, and it is no wonder that the public are raising a row over it.

THE FISHERIES TROUBLE.

The fisheries commission, now in session in Washington, is an extra legal body. It has no power, save advisory. It was called in spite of the fact that Congress refused to authorize it, and instead gave the President power to retaliate upon Canadian vessels for improper and hostile acts toward American fishermen.

That the commission was appointed at all is a fresh illustration of the Anglomania of that red-tape official, Secretary BAYARD, and of the contempt in which CLEVELAND holds the legislative branch of th government when it fails to meet his ideas. The people of the country should wake up to the real character of the bull-necked incumbent of the executive chair. He has in him all the elements of a tyrant, and only requires opportunity to prove himself a deadly enemy to liberty and free government.

The commission will accomplish nothing. Messrs. ANGELL and PUTNAM are pleasant gentlemen, but they are not diplomats. They dare not take a self-respecting stand for American rights, with that foolish old fossil, BAYARD, the facile adorer of every thing British, to direct them. The commission will furnish seven full measures of talk, elaborate some scheme that would be if adopted, a shameful back-down for the United States, the Senate will contemptuously kick the matter under the table, and the fisheries trouble will be as far from settlement as ever.

THE remar

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE NEXT YEAR.

What the Blade's Readers Think About the Matter—Brief Extracts From Many Letters.

HUTCHINSON, KAN.—We hope that the Republican party will do the one thing absolutely necessary to success, by nominating Hon. Robert T. Lincoln for President in 1888.—REV. J. W. PAYNE.

ESCONDIDO FALLS, VT.—I am a Republican, and always have been; but I don't propose to vote for Blaine next year. I have heard a great many Republicans around say the same. We must have another man. Robert T. Lincoln is the man to make the race and will be backed by what was generally considered to be a very weak candidate. Hence, would it not seem like folly to bring him out again? Everything seems to point to R. T. Lincoln to head our ticket next year, with Evarts or Hawley second. Sherman would, perhaps, do well enough, but he is almost to anxious to get there. Lincoln could certainly be elected, if we can elect any one, and he is able and reliable.—F. W. SONGER.

MT. VERNON, MO.—My first choice is Robert T. Lincoln. First, Because I think he is the strongest man. Second, Because I like the name. Third, Because I think he deserves it. Fourth, Because I know he can bent old Veto Grover.—JAMES M. VANCE.

FRANKLINVILLE, N. Y.—There are several reasons why Lincoln should be the nominee of the Republican party in 1888. He has been united to no faction, nor been mixed up in partisan politics. He can unite the party as no other man can. He was the choice of the convention in our county this fall.—MENZO CAMPBELL.

BARBOURSVILLE, W. VA.—My personal preference for a Presidential candidate in 1888 is John Sherman, of Ohio. I preferred him in 1876, 1880, and 1884. James G. Blaine, of Maine, and John Sherman, of Ohio, are great statesmen—too great, in fact, to be available candidates, on account of long official records for antagonism. A man to win is wanted to turn out Veto Grover. Let the ticket be Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois, and Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, and success will crown the Republican party.—JOHN W. CHURCH.

GARNETT, KAN.—I am for James G. Blaine for several reasons: 1st. He is the ablest statesman in America. 2d. A solid friend of the Union soldier. 3d. The boom friend of the immortal James A. Garfield. 4th. Because of a stuffed ballot box in the South, he was deprived of a fair count, which would have elected him in 1884.—J. H. BEATTY.

LISBON CENTER, N. Y.—It makes my heart glad to run over the sentiments expressed in the BLADE'S Presidential preferences. It looks as if the sovereign people were getting in earnest. I am no bolter. This coming election is my fiftieth vote and I never missed an election, sending in my preference to the BLADE, my first was James G. Blaine. I would rather know he was President than any other living man, but can we elect him with the added prowess against him? I think not. My opinion now is that the son of the great emancipator, Robert T. Lincoln, is our man.—GEO. MCFADDEN.

BLUE SPRINGS, NEB.—I think Blaine should be the nominee. It certainly would be ungrateful not to offer his gallant and splendid race in 1884. It was no fault of his that he was not elected. A change of 500 or 600 votes in New York would have given him a greater majority in the electoral college than Garfield received. He is popular with the people of the Pacific states. He is popular with the Irish people, or at least more so than any other Republican I know of. He is popular in the West. He is stronger in the South than he ever was before.—GEO. W. MUIRY.

CLEARVILLE, PA.—We are very much in favor of Robert T. Lincoln for our next nominee. He is without doubt the strongest man in our party. We should select a man from New York for the second place on the ticket. Lincoln and Evarts will make as strong a ticket for 1888 as the Republican party can nominate.—GEO. E. MORRIS, GEO. E. SHAW, ULYSSES G. PURTMAN.

RUSSELL, KAN.—It seems to be in the air that Robert T. Lincoln is "going to swing upon the White House gate." And there is not a voter, a politician or any other mortal who can advance a reasonable objection to his doing so. Let it be Lincoln. He will be invincible.—J. B. HANEY.

SOMERSET, PA.—I take the liberty to express not only my own views but the emphatic opinion of at least 50 staunch Republicans with whom I have conversed, and all say in substance, that James G. Blaine is our ablest and strongest man. We must not lose sight of the fact that Blaine lost New York by 1,100 votes and even that it is generally conceded, was carried by an accident—not likely to occur again. The number and power of Blaine's enemies are known and are growing weaker as he grows stronger.—PARKER TRENT.

UNIONDALE, PA.—I am an admirer and supporter of James G. Blaine, but now give us Robert T. Lincoln. I believe his nomination for the Presidency will arouse a greater enthusiasm than the nomination of any other man.—JOHN F. BARR.

COLONY, KAN.—Have been talking with several Republicans and ivariably the reply is Robert T. Lincoln for our next President. The people want a man whose character is clear, and I think Rob. Lincoln is the right man in the right place at the right time, 1888.—M. N. WOOLLEY.

GLENWOOD, MO.—Blaine is our best statesman, he is the man most suited for the presidential chair; with him at the head of the nation as a natural thing, things will go smoother and better. If Blaine was beaten it is no sigh that he won't beat the Democrats next year, and I think he will do it. If Lincoln can sweep New York, Blaine can do it too. If you give us Blain we will be satisfied.—T. T. STORM.

DENISON, WIS.—I believe Blaine to be the nation's choice. I honor Sherman, I honor Lincoln, I honor the mass of Republicanism the nation over; but the voters demand the statesman from Maine. I, for one, can't see that his defeat in 1884 has weakened him any. His retirement has been modest. This alone will elect him. Let us unfurl our banner to the breeze and our motto will be Blaine and victory. —I. A. MURRY.

ROCHESTER, ILL.—In my estimation Hon. Robert T. Lincoln is the only man in the Republican party who can carry the state of New York, and without him victory is lost to our party.—GEO. T. SIGLER.

TOPEKA, KAN.—Justice to the old Republican party demands that we choose for its standard bearer in '88 one who has a clean record and one is not seeking the Presidency. Give us R. Lincoln for its leader and Hawley for the Vice and if we don't beat Cleveland he no use to try again under the name of Republican. We may as well then begin to look around for some other party.—G. W. GANDY.

ELIZABETHTON, TENN.—The nomination of Robt. T. Lincoln would carry us back to 1860 when the great panorama of secession was being enacted before the world and revive the tender memories of his martyred father. He has shown himself to be a man of ability in his administration of the duties involved as secretary of war in the cabinet of Garfield. He has never been in public life and never antagonized his own party members to make enemies as James G. Blaine. With him at the head of the ticket and a sound platform every member of the G. A. R. would put his shoulder to the wheel and victory is ours. Let us nominate him and elect him.—GEO. EDMUNDS.

A Neat Case of Tact.

Lady (who had a sick husband)—Don't you think, doctor, that you ought to bleed my husband?

Doctor (absent-mindedly)—No, madam, not until he gets well.—*Epoch.*

—Coffee Substitute saves 90 cents of every dollar you spend for coffee. It is economy and quality. One pound package and recipe for $1.—CHASE & CO.

A BLAINE FORECAST.

The Way a Wisconsin Man Looks at the Presidential Campaign.

The Chicago *Journal* has a communication from Mr. Alfred Cook, of Gratiot, Wis., which may be interest to the readers of the BLADE:

Having read in your paper an article entitled "Next Year's Campaign," copied from the Philadelphia *Press*, also one from the Toledo BLADE on "The Outlook for 1888," we take the liberty to comment upon them. The *Press* article, in alluding to the Pacific States, touches an important point overlooked by the BLADE. In our opinion a more comprehensive table upon which to base future results would be the following, as the states are likely to go in 1888:

REPUBLICAN.

Colorado	3	New Hampshire	4
Illinois	22	Ohio	22
Iowa	13	Pennsylvania	30
Kansas	9	Rhode Island	4
Maine	6	Vermont	4
Massachusetts	14	Wisconsin	11
Michigan	13		
Minnesota	7	Total	168
Nebraska	5		

DEMOCRATIC.

Alabama	10	Missouri	16
Arkansas	7	North Carolina	11
Delaware	3	South Carolina	9
Florida	4	Tennessee	12
Georgia	12	Texas	13
Kentucky	13	West Virginia	6
Louisiana	8		
Maryland	8	Total	141
Mississippi	9		

DOUBTFUL.

California	8	New York	36
Connecticut	6	Oregon	3
Indiana	15	Virginia	12
Nevada	3		
New Jersey	9	Total	92

With Mr. Blaine as the Republican candidate, we may safely count on 182 votes, but the 14 votes of California, Nevada and Oregon are doubtful with any other candidate. Mr. Garfield was a model candidate in 1880, and yet carried neither California nor Nevada, and polled through in Oregon only by a very small majority. The Weaver vote did little or no injury to Mr. Garfield, while the Butler and St. John vote militated against Mr. Blaine. Had Mr. Blaine been the nominee in 1880 there is not a shadow of doubt that he would have been elected by an overwhelming majority.

The conditions were entirely different in 1880 from what they were in 1884. The *Press* article states that if the Democrats should carry New York and lose the other doubtful states (in the table given by them) "they would fall twelve votes short." But the person who wrote the *Press* article forgot to state that if Mr. Blaine should not be our candidate the probability is that California, Nevada and Oregon would give them two votes more than required. If Mr. Sherman can carry the Pacific states and Virginia, this would give him 194 votes, lacking only seven votes of an election. Add to this number the electoral vote of either New York, New Jersey or Indiana, and he would be elected.

There is undoubtedly some Republican who could be nominated as Vice President who would be sure to carry one or more of those states for himself and his associate on the ticket. The Republicans, however, can lose California, Nevada and New York, and by carrying Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana have exactly 201 votes, and therefore enough to elect their man. The only question before the Republican managers now is to keep in view the doubtful states. An available candidate is the question. Have we such a man? There are nearly half a million of voters in the United States who believe we have.

NOVELTIES IN MEN'S WEAR.

Imported linen handkerchiefs with fanciful borders of silhouette figures are new and chic.

Any number of mufflers will be disposed of this winter, and these too in the greatest range of elegance permissible to the realm of fabric.

Many houses are showing the large English flat scarf to advantage, and some Windsors in attractive patterns are selling well. So much for old styles.

Soft fleecy gloves of the finest Angora, Astrakhan and camel's hair, loosely woven and clumsy, but silken in warmth and feel, are the hits this winter.

The rule now among the dudes is to carry all the canvas possible to spread, hence the steady subsidence of vest openings and increase of collar in shirt.

More attention is being paid to the modest and unassuming brace than ever before. Some of the patterns and shapes shown are enough to tempt the average dude to go vestless.

The sad and silent shoe-string vender, whom we have never yet seen disposing of a single pair, may have a chance yet. Laced shoes are declared not only correct, but imperative with the dressy man.

The big flannel shirt manufacturers are preparing for a rich harvest next summer. The public did all their blowing about propriety this season; next they will wear flannels and hang propriety.

Fancy colored shirtings for the coming spring are announced to be seen even more pronounced than were the striped and checked astonishers of the past. Those are declared not only correct, but imperative with the dressy man.

The big flannel shirt manufacturers are preparing for a rich harvest next summer. The public did all their blowing about propriety this season; next they will wear flannels and hang propriety.

Fancy colored shirtings for the coming spring are announced to be seen even more pronounced than were the striped and checked astonishers of the past. Those are declared not only correct, but imperative with the dressy man.

The latest neckwear novelty is a scarf set with real gems inserted in the fabric. The stones are not bogus, but imported products of a Parisian laboratory, whose owner has succeeded in producing small specimens of precious stones by fusing the dust ground from larger brilliants.

The latest popular novelty is a four in hand, provided with an attachment to which will permit of its conversion into a cowboy muscle muffler or to either release or secure the scarf in any manner desired by the wearer, who is in practical possession of a four-in-hand, which, once made, he need not miss by retying.

Link sleeve buttons are so heartily cried for by those who are supposed to know what is what, that they are interfering seriously with the other and more modern variety.

—WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies—old-fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a "Sarsaparilla," "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Sealpine, for the Hair," "Extract, for External and Internal Use. "Tasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

THE NEXT FAD.

"It's Russian, Quite Russian, You Know."

"Russomania" is said to be the coming excitement. In anticipation of this the Russian importer of ladies' dress fabrics brought back with him from Russia two peasants' dresses, which he had made purposely for him by peasant women. Each dress, which has much original hand embroidery on it, took a woman ten weeks to make. I considered it a token of especial favor to be taken behind the scenes and allowed to inspect these Russian peasants' gowns. The skirt of one was made of alternate stripes of blue and red cambric. A short sacque of blue had sleeves embroidered from top to bottom, and a narrow apron of embroidered stripes with cotton insertion and edging formed the front skirt decoration. The other dress was similar with the exception of an embroidered band around a narrow plain blue skirt. The work is all done by hand in cross stitch, and the designs are all original and quite pretty. These dresses, being the genuine article, will be copied to wear at Russian balls. A fair-haired young girl in one of these will be quite the cynosure of all eyes as she presides at the "samovar" and dispenses tea in cut glass tumblers. A young lady who arrived in Boston from Russia in September, has visited the public library and finds only a limited supply of books in her native language, and those of no importance. Being, however, an excellent scholar in German and French, she finds enough books to read. Already it has been remarked in literary circles, that Russian will be the engaging study for the winter, and Miss R—, the young lady just mentioned, is only waiting for the suitable moment to arrive when she will form a class for those who desire to conquer the Russian hieroglyphics.—*Boston Letter.*

For Coughs and Throat Disorders use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began thinking well of."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* Sold only in boxes.

Chewing Up a Round Million.

St. Louis annually handles $250,000 worth of chewing-gum, one-fourth of the amount consumed in the United States. Would you imagine that the people of this country every year chew $1,000,000 worth of gum? Yet it has become such an important factor in trade circles that it is now a staple of every druggist's stock and quoted in price lists. The habit keeps five large factories in existence for the manufacture of standard brands, while there are innumerable small makers.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Shorthand in ten lessons by Universal Phonography. Simplest, briefest, most legible. Lessons by mail. Circulars free. Perain Shorthand Inst., Detroit, Mich.

OHIO IN 1887.

Official Returns of the Vote Cast at the Last Election.

The following table shows the official vote of Ohio by counties for Governor, as returned to the secretary of State:

Counties	Foraker, Rep.	Powell, Dem.	Seitz, Lab.	Sharp Pro.
Adams	2,807	2,930	.....	152
Allen	3,256	4,242	206	206
Ashland	2,328	3,044	14	260
Ashtabula	5,984	2,058	24	808
Athens	3,775	2,012	210	367
Auglaize	1,900	3,318	41	110
Belmont	5,991	5,507	15	441
Brown	2,610	3,712	4	286
Butler	3,506	5,764	490	331
Carroll	2,255	1,615	61	180
Champaign	3,669	2,747	15	503
Clarke	6,369	4,068	1,244	906
Clermont	4,060	3,943	68	272
Clinton	3,527	1,995	.....	345
Columbiana	6,070	4,151	342	537
Coshocton	2,922	3,406	.....	294
Crawford	2,595	4,258	310	227
Cuyahoga	18,467	15,386	2,829	796
Darke	4,030	4,808	41	466
Defiance	1,872	2,865	200	204
Delaware	3,159	3,048	59	503
Erie	3,165	3,630	41	147
Fairfield	4,758	4,417	6	279
Fayette	2,999	2,026	3	285
Franklin	11,150	12,053	658	526
Fulton	2,605	1,802	2	349
Gallia	3,447	2,122	.....	121
Geauga	2,324	706	15	299
Greene	4,431	2,326	65	439
Guernsey	3,204	2,456	27	615
Hamilton	30,604	28,428	11,128	5226
Hancock	3,596	3,716	130	323
Hardin	3,445	3,274	16	332
Harrison	2,438	1,833	5	442
Henry	1,714	1,919	25	171
Highland	3,511	3,357	27	287
Hocking	1,798	2,202	117	259
Holmes	1,133	3,166	.....	258
Huron	3,908	2,815	129	403
Jackson	2,964	1,971	602	310
Jefferson	4,233	2,701	42	487
Knox	3,298	3,289	98	316
Lake	2,532	816	91	170
Lawrence	4,158	2,855	.....	228
Licking	4,418	5,665	126	282
Logan	3,709	2,292	37	325
Lorain	4,375	2,722	34	358
Lucas	7,719	6,753	331	786
Madison	2,963	2,164	13	326
Mahoning	5,004	4,406	142	535
Marion	2,276	3,173	.....	307
Medina	3,061	2,097	.....	358
Meigs	3,527	2,955	28	203
Mercer	1,722	3,436	12	122
Miami	4,024	3,371	291	597
Monroe	1,187	3,619	.....	83
Montgomery	11,036	11,304	990	1633
Morgan	2,575	2,468	2	241
Morrow	2,367	2,067	75	379
Muskingum	5,552	5,577	50	480
Noble	2,433	2,133	53	124
Ottawa	1,559	2,492	7	187
Paulding	2,509	2,607	.....	186
Perry	3,133	3,138	155	209
Pickaway	2,801	3,715	5	226
Pike	1,725	2,043	28	128
Portage	3,415	3,226	158	374
Preble	2,946	2,792	7	439
Putnam	2,050	3,678	17	193
Richland	5,762	4,763	73	222
Ross	4,229	4,404	5	274
Sandusky	2,803	3,484	153	174
Scioto	3,389	2,431	573	192
Seneca	3,505	4,534	266	276
Shelby	2,192	3,316	3	140
Stark	7,595	7,962	442	644
Summit	5,625	4,122	736	563
Trumbull	5,411	2,756	65	687
Tuscarawas	4,012	4,959	165	330
Union	2,241	2,148	14	250
Van Wert	3,126	3,186	.....	333
Vinton	1,729	1,796	4	58
Warren	3,813	2,345	.....	274
Wasington	4,706	4,313	36	280
Wayne	3,920	4,008	14	565
Williams	2,859	3,809	85	219
Wood	4,421	3,674	54	382
Wyandot	2,122	2,891	9	249
Totals	Foraker 356,937	Powell, 333,205	Seitz 24,712	Morris 29,700

Foraker's plurality, 23,732.

The vote of the state in 1886 was as follows: Robinson, R., 341,095; McBride, D., 329,314; Prohibition, 28,982; Greenback, 2,010; scattering, 2,832.

In 1885 Foraker's vote was 359,281; Hoadly, 341,830; Foraker's majority, 17,451; Prohibition vote, 28,081; Greenback, 2,001.

In 1884 Blaine for President, received 400,082; Cleveland, 368,280; St. John, 11,069; Butler, 5,179; scattering, 2,549.

EARLY NAPKINS.

They Were First Used to Prevent Guests Being Poisoned.

In feudal England the surnappe was raised with much ceremony over the entire table. This was to prevent all possibility of poisoning on the part of the servants, and not one of them dared to touch this covering lest he should receive punishment for suspected treason. Only in the presence of the lord himself, or one of the supreme officers of his household was the surnappe finally removed. Then the dishes were brought in, each in turn having been previously tasted by the steward and cook, and now openly assayed before the eyes of the august persons who were eventually to consume them. At the conclusion of the meal the spoons and dishes were removed, when the surnappe was drawn from the soiled tablecloth, and the carver, with his followers, passed the assayed layers and napkins to the assembled guests.

The introduction of the fork, however, caused eating to become so cleanly a process, especially in contrast to the recent past, that the napkin no longer held its place as an article of use, but became merely an ornament and a thing of ceremony. It was found that with a little care one could retire from the table without the necessity for cleansing the hands. Thus it happened that the napkin was folded and laid beside the trencher. From the table of a useless extravagance in the economical housewife, and on the more sumptuous tables, it plainly indicated by its fantastic foldings that was intended only to look upon.

The "Perfect School Instructions for Offices of the Mouth, by Giles Rose, one of the Master Cooks to His Majesty's Kitchen," (1682), gave minute instructions for folding dinner napkins in 26 different fashions. The single and double melon, the cock, the partridge, the rabbit, the turkey, the tortoise, and many other forms, are all more or less accurately represented by this enterprising *chef* of Charles I. To "unfold" these folded napkins was considered as serious a breach of etiquette as it would have been to destroy a work of art.

Something About Women's Gowns.

In the world of life and gayety the ball season is about to begin. Our belles are getting their costumes ready for two debutante balls at Delmonico's for the Astor-Vanderbilt clique. There is no end to the bizarre nomenclature of colors for ball dresses. This week they spring lizard green and chamomile pink on us. The lizard green is the shade our mothers used to esteem in girlhood as tea green.

"A tea-green glove is the most serviceable color in the world," said ma, the other day.

"Black tea or green tea, with or without milk?" asked the daughter.

"Green tea, of course, and plain, to be sure."

Plain green tea in a white china cup is exactly the shade of lizard green—very lovely in gloves and very nice in hosiery, if the dress is of the same color. Chamomile pink is a yellowish rose color, something like shrimp pink, and both these colors can be found in Jersey silk shirts that many ladies wear. This rage for odd colored underwear is a fine thing for the cleaners who get the clothes to clean instead of the laundress. They do not bear washing, and into naphtha go the violet, sulphur, lizard green, and chamomile pink things. For doing up a pink chemise the cleaners ask $1.50, for a pair of silk stockings 25 cents, a Jersey skirt 50 cents, a silk night-dress $2, and a handkerchief 10 cents. A woman who wears this style of garb has no fool of a bill at her cleaner's.—*New York Sun.*

Money Makers

don't let golden opportunities pass unimproved; there are times in the lives of men when more money can be made rapidly and easily, than otherwise can be earned by years of labor. Write Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who will send you free, full particulars about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at a profit of at least from $5 to $25 daily. Some have made over $50 in a single day. All is new. You are started free. Capital not required. Either sex; all ages.

Ready Set and Adjustable Relatives.

"Katie," said her kind hearted master, "there were four of your cousins called at different times to see you while you were away nursing your sick mother—Denis Riordan, Michael Flynn, Con Keegan and Teddie Gallagher." "Ah, 'tis sorry I am that I missed seein' the byes; but how kem ye to know they were my cousins, sor? Is it be the family resimblance?" "Not at all," said the master, kindly, "they looked no more like you, and they looked no more like each other than an Anarchist looks like a Christian, but they have been in the employ of every girl that has worked in this family during the past eighteen years, and so I don't see how they can escape being yours. You will find my hair oil and brushes in the usual place, Katie, and Mrs. Lightfoot will not be using the piano this morning if you wish to practice. By the way, did your mother die, or are you saving up for the ball of the Shamrock society?"—*Burdette.*

A Remarkable Coincidence.

Two railway travelers.

"It's very odd, sir; but it seems as if I had had the pleasure of meeting you somewhere before."

Just what I was saying to myself."

"It couldn't have been at Kansas City"

"No, I was never there."

"Nor I either."—*The Judge.*

DRINKS FOR A WHOLE YEAR.

An Astonishing Reckoning Between Mr. Ball and the Barkeeper.

The head barkeeper was engaged in deep converse with a tall, thin man, and was apparently trying to find out how many figures he could make with a lead pencil on a small business card. The tall, thin man's name was Hall.

"There's a difference of twenty drinks between him and me," said William, "and I'd like you to act as referee, because you're handy at figures, to say nothing of your ability as a judge of whisky. Isn't it time to go, Mr. Ball?"

"It's a go," said Mr. Ball.

"Will I state the case?" inquired William.

"You state the case," replied Mr. Ball, who seemed to be a man of few words.

"There's a difference of twenty drinks between us," said William. "Mr. Ball pays for his drinks by the year."

"Pays for his drinks by the year?" interrupted the reporter.

"Yes," said William, "he pays for his drinks by the year, and he says he got twenty more drinks than my calculation provides for."

"Well, your books show just how many drinks he got, don't they?" suggested the reporter.

"O, no," replied William. "His account doesn't show on the books."

"I got 7,300 drinks," Mr. Ball declared, "and William says I only got 7,280."

"And 7,280 are all you got," broke in William.

"Just explain this thing," said the reporter testily. "How the deuce can a man tell which of your calculations is correct if there's no evidence to go on?" "But there is evidence," said both disputants hastily. After a good humored dispute as to which of them should make further explanation of the puzzle it was agreed that William should tell of the agreement between him and Mr. Ball, subject to correction.

"Mr. Ball agreed to pay for twenty drinks a day for a year," began William. "He was to drink whisky, and for each drink he was to pay 7½ cents. We had discussed the matter, and after close calculation I offered to put aside for his sole use three barrels of whisky. There are 40 gallons in a barrel, and in each gallon there are 60 drinks and a fraction of a particular kind."

"What do you mean by a particular kind?" inquired the reporter.

"I've known Mr. Ball for a good while," replied William, "and I know his ways. He pays for all he gets. So it's nothing against him if he governs himself by certain rules. When he takes a drink of whisky there is no room for flies on the brim. Now, there are just 60 and a fraction of that particular kind of drinks in a gallon, and as there are 40 gallons in a barrel there must be over 2,400 drinks in a barrel. Mr. Ball's year is up to-night. He has drank three barrels of whisky. He drank twenty drinks a day. He must have drank 140 drinks a week. There are 52 weeks in a year. Multiply 140 by 52 and you have 7,280. I say Mr. Ball owes for 7,280 drinks."

"And I say I owe for 7,300 drinks," proclaimed Mr. Ball. The reporter looked at him. A man who was permitted to owe for 7,300 drinks, and who persisted in the claim that he owed for twenty more drinks than his creditor could account for seemed something of a curiosity. The fact that Mr. Ball had demonstrated his ability to swallow 3,700 drinks in a year and live seemed even less marvelous than the fact that he had never been asked for even a payment on account. The scrutiny of the reporter had no apparent effect upon Mr. Ball, and when it subsided a little Mr. Ball asked permission to show where William had made a miscalculation.

"How many days are there in a year William?" he inquired.

"Three hundred and sixty five; at least this year," said William.

"If you will multiply 365 days by 20 you will find I owe for 7,300 drinks. There are, as you say, 52 weeks in a year, but, as a matter of fact, there are 52 1-7 weeks in a year of 365 days. You forgot about the odd day, William, for 7 times 52 makes only 364. That explains where I got my twenty drinks."

Without further ado Mr. Ball drew a pocketbook from an inside pocket, and, having investigated the contents, laid down upon the counter $547.50.

"Seven thousand three hundred drinks at 7½ cents apiece," said Mr. Ball to William, "is $547.50. Is that correct?"

"Is that correct, Mr. Blank?" asked William of the reporter.

"That's correct," said the latter.

"Same contract for next year, William?" inquired Mr. Ball.

"Same contract, Mr. Ball," said William.

Mr. Ball said "good night" and walked out. While William was putting $547.50 in the safe the reporter walked out.—*N. Y. Sun.*

WHY WILL YOU STAMMER?

I was an inveterate stammerer for twenty years. I came from Pennsylvania to Chicago to see Dr. Bicenburgh, of the World's Vocal Institute, and was cured of this very annoying affliction in ten weeks' time.—CHAS. H. SADLER, Hillsgrove, Box 86, Sullivan Co., Ind.

Write for further information.
Chicago, Ill., Nov. 30, 1887.

Baptising a Bustle.

A colored Baptist congregation were out out on the Ohio lake, attending the immersion of a harvest of young converts gathered in at a recent revival. Among the candidates for the rite was a strapping great mulatto woman, whose ample proportions were enhanced by a bustle, itself of no mean dimensions. When she went into the water the bustle acted as a buoy for the candidate, floating her up when the minister attempted to put her under the water. After he had experimented two or three times with the candidate, one of the dusky brethren on the shore yelled out: "Crowd dat ar bustle under de water, parson; crowd it under; it's de wickedest thing you've got to deal wid."

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

A Chance for the Evangelist.

"Tell you what, parson," said Dick Deadwood, "I am awfully afraid of the cholera, and that is the truth."

"A man who has lived the life you have," said the parson, gravely, "ought to be afraid of even a cold in the head. Still, if the cholera has scared you into telling the truth, get down on your knees and we will pray for such a pestilence as has not been known since David numbered Israel. It takes an earthquake to scare some men into heaven."—*Burdette.*

Publishers' Column.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-shuile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address this BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If yo want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leadet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—**Do you see any good coming out of it?**

No. 2.—**Which way would you have your Boy Go?**

No. 3.—**Which way would you have your Girl Go?**

No. 4.—**In which village would you bring up your Children?**

No. 5.—**This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can raise.**

These pictures are the most effective instruments that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

ANSWER

this question, please: *Why not send for Free Specimens of the Great National Standard of Rural Journalism*—THE RURAL NEW-YORKER? It is the leading farm weekly of the world. It is the first journal to have established experiment grounds which are conducted by its editors and owners. The best writers in the world. Over 600 contributors—500 illustrations from nature yearly. The RURAL owns 82 acres of experiment grounds. All new seeds and plants are carefully tested and impartially reported. Progressive farmers, fruit-growers, stockmen, dairymen, florists—you cannot afford to do without this journal. Ask those who know if you do not. It admits no deceptive advertisements.

It is a Farm, Garden, Religious, News, Home and Literary Paper—*all in one.*

It will delight every member of the family. It costs more to publish than any other weekly journal; fine paper, 16 pages, $2.00 a year. The best people of America will endorse the above claims. Send for free specimens that you may know. Compare them with other rural journals and subscribe for the best. Address the RURAL NEW-YORKER, 34 PARK ROW, New York.

OBSERVE—*The Toledo* BLADE *and the Rural New-Yorker, both one year for $2.50.*

100 Blade Sewing Machines

GIVEN AWAY.

We are determined this season to pay club agents more liberally for their work than ever before paid by any newspaper. The BLADE is so well known, and so well circulated in every part of the United States, that it is the easiest paper to canvass for. We invite every canvasser to write us for our "Confidential Terms to Agents," which we are now mailing broadcast. Our terms allow the largest cash commission, for very small clubs, ever paid by us or any other dollar weekly newspaper. In addition to our liberal cash commission, we herewith announce that we shall give one of our Blade Sewing Machines to every agent who will, between now and May 15th, send us two hundred yearly subscriptions for the Blade. The plan is simple. We only ask that subscriptions be sent in small clubs at a time—as directed in our "Confidential Terms"—as fast as the names are taken. If on or before May 15th the total number of names sent reach two hundred, we will ship the Sewing Machine. The agent will, therefore, earn nearly $100.00 value for a very small amount of work. This is certainly worth working for, and we expect a large number of agents to enroll themselves in this work. Write us for our "Confidential Terms to Agents," and say that you wish to be enrolled for the Machine competition. In sending clubs, number your names as you send them, from 1 to 200. Please bear in mind that under this proposition we pay agents a very large cash commission, whether they earn a Sewing Machine or not. We offer the Sewing Machines as an inducement to those agents who will contin

The Household.

MRS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WAS IT TRUE THANKSGIVING?

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Another Thanksgiving day has come and gone! Another day, when two or three generations of the same family have met together under the parental roof to count over their blessings, and thank the Giver of all good gifts for what has been given! Another day, when mirth and jollity have reigned around the festal board, and care been forced, for the nonce, into the background! Another day, when the skeleton was kept away from the feast, and remained so closely hidden, that the rattling of his bones was heard never so faintly, even by those whose ears were strained to catch the sound! Another day of peace, of joy, of contentment, when the song of rejoicing for the good went up in one grand anthem to the Holy of Holies, where dwells the Infinite!

Of how many, I wonder, is all this true? How many paused in the rush and whirl of business or social pleasures and duties, to number over their blessings as the pious nuns count their beads, and be thankful that the sum was so large? How many sat down to the feast in a glad delight that their lines had fallen in such pleasant places?

You had little to be thankful for, did I hear you say? You, with health and strength, with a clear head and strong hands, which even though they must be used constantly, never fail to bring you and yours comfort and independence? You, with father, mother, brothers, sisters, husband, wife, children; you, with friends who love you; do *you* say because all that your heart longs for is not yours; because the plans you laid are not successful; because care and vexations, anxiety and worries visit you, do you say that you have nothing for which to thank a higher Power? You are to be pitied for your blindness. God help those, who ought to see and yet see not.

Life is such a failure, you say? Then more than likely it is your own fault. The people who persist in looking upon the dark side of all that comes to them will be very sure to find that it will, by and by, be turned towards them persistently. Do not invite misfortune by continually looking for its coming. Off-set, in your thoughts, every disappointment by the fulfilment of some cherished desire. By and by, you will find that the latter draw nigh to you more frequently, and the former are more likely to pass by on the other side. Believe me, the constant looking for something good to happen is very sure to bring it, and it is easy to see why. Belief in the probability of good results inspires the heart with courage, quickens the brain to action, and nerves the arm with strength and power.

Let me tell you a story. Down in one of the manufacturing towns of New England lived a young man with his mother. He was an only son, and she a widow. His bright, sunny, hopeful nature made him like the glad sunshine, both at home and in the workshop. His companions had nicknamed him "Thankful," because to all of their expressions of dissatisfaction with the existing order of things, his reply was always, "I am thankful to be so well off."

One day there was an accident, and he was carried home maimed and helpless. When the doctor pronounced him well, his left arm was gone, and with it his ability to work as he had done in the factory.

"I guess you don't feel very thankful now," said one of his friends, who was, by nature, a growler.

"Indeed I do," was the reply. "I'm thankful that it is no worse. Mother and I'll be sure to get along some way."

And they did. He had always shown some talent and originality with his pencil, though entirely without instruction. He was talking to the foreman one day, just before he was hurt, about a new idea of his in regard to an improvement in some of the machinery, and illustrated it with a drawing. The foreman showed it to the owner of the mills, who was struck with the possibility it opened, and also with the native ability it showed. The result was that when Thankful was able to be about, he was employed to superintend the improvement he had suggested, which proved a success. Later he was put in training, and finally engaged at a high salary to suggest and carry out changes that would, not only increase the facility of manufacturing, but improve the product.

He had the talent, you say, to go forward. If he had been like most folk, he would have starved, no matter how hopeful and thankful he persisted in being.

Yes, he had the talent, but had he looked upon the dark side, had he given up in despair when he found one of his good strong arms was gone forever, do you believe that his brain would have worked and evolved what was of such value to his employer? I do not. The gloom would have darkened and befogged it, to the deadening of all original thought.

I never knew an eminently successful man or woman who always dwelt in the shadows. A few names made immortal by the genius of the possessors may be mentioned, which, we are told, belonged to those who lived in "native gloom," but in almost every case, their lives went out before they had reached high noon, and under circumstances that left a trail of darkness behind.

Nothing to be thankful for! You cannot be in earnest. If, as an individual you find your life a disappointment, if sorrow has shut down upon you so heavily that you cannot yet see the light, if it seems as if every desire of your heart remains ungratified, if all pleasures turn to ashes so soon as they are within your grasp, then look around and beyond your own personality, and be thankful for others. The very effort to forget yourself in a glad thanksgiving for the well being of your friend and neighbor will help you.

Be thankful that you live in a country over which the white dove of peace is brooding, while beyond the seas, under the outward calm, volcanic fires are surging that may, at any time, burst into a tempest of war which will cost thousands upon thousands of lives, and leave desolation in its track everywhere.

Be thankful that in the whole length and breadth of this land, from the East to the West, from the North to the South, the hum of industry is heard, and the great mass of busy workers are paid for their labor what with temperance and frugality will keep the wolf far away from their door.

I know there are places in the land which have been visited by fire and scourged by sickness, but the extent is small compared with the great whole. Let your heart go out in sympathy to those so afflicted, and be thankful if, perchance, you are among the favored majority.

A glad Thanksgiving! If it was not that to you; if it came and passed with no recognition upon your part of your real blessings; if you entertained the skeleton as a guest at your feast; if discontent was rife in your bosom; if you felt that your neighbor was receiving more than her just deserts while you are having less than yours; then resolve at this moment, that you will dwell in this state no longer. Open the doors of your heart to the gladness that will nestle there, if you will but give it an opportunity. It is God's own promise that "To him that hath shall be given," meaning the riches of the spirit, which are worth infinitely more in the way of happiness than material wealth.

One of the prettiest things John Keats ever wrote was his "Fairy Song," for beside the exquisite melody of the verse, there is a spititual meaning running like a silver thread from first to last. I can do no better than to repeat it to you:

Shed no tear! O, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! O, weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! O, dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies.—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
Mong the blossoms white and red,—
Look up! look up! I flutter now
On this fresh pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! O, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly—adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue,—
Adieu, adieu!

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Photograph or Letter Holder.—Have a piece of plush or velvet, 5 inches wide and 14 inches long. Cut a piece of stiffening the same size or a seam smaller all around and baste the edges of the plush over it. Then hem a lining upon it. Make two square pockets of the width of back. Embroider the lower pocket with a spray of flowers. Leave the middle one plain, but upon the top have a medallion of satin with monogram embroidered in gold or silver. Finish the edge all around with a heavy cord, making a loop in the middle of upper edge to hang it up by. Of course the top of the pockets must be finished with the cord, before being sewed upon the back. Either photographs or letters may be put in the pockets.

Balsam Bags.—The use of these bags has become so universal that ingenuity and taste are considerably taxed to find a variety of pretty coverings. Sometimes they are made long and tied around in the center with ribbon, with long loops to hang them up by. Sometimes, instead of bags, small pillows are made to lay near the head when sleeping, so that the fragrance may be in the air near the sleeper. A melon shape is the best for the back of an easy chair. It can be crocheted in strips, which are narrowed off upon each end to points. These strips may be embroidered, sewed or crocheted together, and then at each end cords and tassels placed to fasten it to the top of the chair.

A pretty covering for a bag may be made of different colored ribbons overhanded together, and the seams covered with fancy stitches in colored silks. Sew the ribbons in points around the top and put a pretty edging under them. Tie it with ribbons of two colors. This is a pleasant Christmas gift to give to a friend.

Napkin Rings.—Sets of these are made and placed in a box, forming a pretty, useful and quite inexpensive present. Take pieces of buckram two inches wide and six inches long. Form one end of each to lap over the other side. Cover the outside with different colors of silk, satin, velvet or plush, and line them with contrasting colors. Pierce two holes in the pointed end one each side of the center and a half inch apart, and two on the straight end a sufficient distance from the edge to correspond with the first, pass narrow ribbons through both and tie tightly in a small bow. When the colors are well chosen, a half dozen of these look very pretty upon a table.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" will help you get ready for Christmas, and 25 cents sent to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., will procure one.—ED.

Crewel Case.—Take a piece of soft crash; a nice piece of the kind used for dish towelling is better than the unbleached, because of the soft gray color which does not soil quite so readily as the unbleached; cut off about three-quarters of a yard and hem the edges. Take another piece of equal length, but about 9½ inches narrower. Hem the sides and baste it on the wider piece, so that the latter will project equally on each side. Then run the outside and inside together at regular intervals of about an inch, to receive the skeins of crewel after they have been cut into working lengths. A flap for needles can be placed at one end. These cases are made more ornamental by feather-stitching the divisions and hems. Instead of crash, the outside may be made of chamois skin painted or embroidered, or satin may be used.

Toilet Set.—A neat and at the same time, a very inexpensive toilet set may be made of white cotton scrim and red cambric. Get the striped scrim; a piece with considerable open work is prettiest. Feather stitch the plain stripes with silk the color of your cambric. Line the mats with the cambric and finish the edge with a narrow lace. The cushion may be made of the cambric and a cover of scrim, finished with a narrow ruffle of lace may be tacked on. The bright color of the cambric will contrast prettily with the white scrim.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crochet Abbreviations—ch, chain stitch; sc, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; s c, shell crochet.

Gentleman's Silk Mittens.—Four No. 18 needles; 1½ ounces of knitting silk. Cast on 78 stitches. Two plain and p 2 round the needles till there is about 1½ inch of webbing or seaming—then k plain 1 round—k to the middle of a needle—p 1—t o 1—1 plain—t o 1—p 1; k plain (always seaming the seam stitch), and on 7th row make a stitch inside the seam stitch as directed—until there are as many stitches between the seams as there are on the other needle, that is, 26—slip these stitches off onto a thread—tie the ends. Cast on 8 stitches between the seams—k round plain—till the mitten reaches the nails of the 2d finger—then narrow at the beginning of each needle; k 4 rows without narrowing—u—k 3 plain rows—u—k 2 rows plain—u—k 1 row—then u every time till all the stitches but 2 are k—draw the end of the silk through these stitches and fasten securely. A fine darning needle is the best thing to do it with. For the thumb take the stitches off the thread and take up the 8 made between the seams—k 1 round plain—then u the made stitch every time until till there are but 6 stitches—then k round and round till the thumb is long enough—n off by narrowing at beginning of each needle till finished.

Lady's Opera Hood.—Two ounces white Berlin, and 1 ounce blue. Needles No. 9. Cast on 1 stitch with white and increase at the beginning of every row until you have 8; and now you must always cast on 3 extra stitches at the beginning of row; 7th row—all seam; 8th row—s 1—t o 1—n—* repeat from star to star; 9th row—all seam; 10th row—plain; 11th row—plain; repeat from 8th row till you have 156 stitches—do 2 rows without increasings—n to 113 stitches—then b off 3 stitches at the beginning of each row for 6 rows; this finishes the fore part—make a puff exactly in the middle—opposite the point—and with a wool needle and white wool gather the other part (on each side of the plait) so that it may measure exactly 20 inches to form the neck; pick up for the neck 98 stitches; 1st row—t o 1—n—1 plain—repeat; 2d row—t o 1—continue plain knitting till you come to the center stitch—t o 1—now k plain center stitch—t o 1—k plain; do these rows 12 times; 25th row—like the 1s; two more plain rows—b off. Trim the head with swansdown or blue quilling of ribbon. Run ribbon in the holes. Finish with bows.

The above are from Mrs. Niles's "Fancy Work Recreations."

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOWERS FOR WINTER.—There is always a demand for flowers in winter, but those who keep plants do not always have flowers in the winter when they are the most desirable. Geraniums will bloom in December if started in May or June, but if you have not started slips, do so now, and they will begin to bloom soon after midwinter. Do not expect your plants, which have bloomed all summer, to furnish you flowers all winter, for all plants require a season of rest, and if let to bloom during summer will take a rest during the short days of winter, when their flowers would be most welcome; but if taken up the summer, I keep all the buds picked off of my small geraniums that I want for winter blooming until September so that by the time Jack Frost take the garden flowers, the winter plants will come into bloom. Chrysanthemums are splendid plants for blooming during the fall and early winter. The small plants should be started in April, or buy large plants in bloom of a florist when wanted. The imported bulbs of Tulips, Hyacinths, Crocus, Narcissus, and Scilla Siberica can be bought of a florist in September and set in a cool, dark closet four or six weeks, then set in sunny windows and watered with warm water; will be in bloom at Christmas time. It is a good plan to bring out only a few pots at a time, so as to have a succession of flowers during the winter. The sweet-scented Jonquil is a lovely pot plant, and the bulbs are quite cheap; and when you get your bulbs for winter blooming get enough to plant a few in your yard or garden. They are perfectly hardy and as they are the earliest of all spring flowers should find a place in every yard.

Although the season has been very hot and dry here, my beds of pinks have been covered with flowers and I find them splendid for large bouquets, button-hole bouquets and floral designs. My little boy gathers the seeds and has quite a quantity of fresh seeds so if those (or any others) who sent for pink seeds to those other ladies and failed to get them because the supply was exhausted, will write me enclosing one letter stamp, I will send them a packet of seeds for fall sowing. Sow them in September they will bloom early next season.—FRANCES B———, Box 126, West Branch, Mich.

BEE KEEPING FOR WOMEN.—Much has been written in the BLADE about work for women, and among other things bee keeping has been mentioned. Having had nearly ten years experience in this business, and knowing that many ladies would like to engage in the work if they knew they could make it a success I will state a few reasons why it can be made a most pleasant, profitable and healthful employment. It is a business that may be engaged in without leaving our homes. Women with household cares may take charge of a few swarms without interfering greatly with their other duties. Those who can devote the summer months to the work, may keep from 50 to 100 swarms with but little assistance.

Children may be made very helpful by watching for swarms, smoking the bees when being handled, making honey boxes, etc.

Most of the work may be accomplished without great muscular exertion, but there is considerable nervous strain to those unaccustomed to the work. This will soon pass away as you get used to the bees and their ways. Steady, quiet motions are necessary in successfully handling them. By using smoke, and being self possessed, you need have no fears that you cannot control bees if you but understand their habits.

This work being done out of doors gives the fresh air and sunshine needed by so many women, especially those whose lungs are weak, and will prove of great benefit to the health.

Bees may be kept in town or country for they require but little room and their pasture is free wherever they can find it. In cities they are sometimes kept on the flat roof of houses by those who do not have yards in which to place the hives. There they can come and go without disturbing anyone, gathering honey from the trees and flowers in parks and gardens.

This is a business which increases rapidly, for it will usually double itself every year.

Persons with but little means to start with may purchase two or three swarms, and by skillful management may make the number three or four times as many in one season.

The work will be found pleasant and interesting. The fear of the bees and the pain caused by their stings may be overcome by protecting yourself well when handling them, and by the use of smoke to subdue them.

The profit in keeping bees is large. Single swarms often store 100 pounds of surplus honey in one season, which, sold at the usual price, will give a return of three times the cost of the season. Many report much greater yields of honey, but localities and seasons differ so much in the amount of honey to be gathered that it is impossible to state just how large the profit you may expect: but we may safely say that there are few if any occupations in which women can engage that bring greater returns for the money, time and strength invested than bee-keeping.—MRS. A. W. MCNISH, Brookfield, Mo.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN, No. 21, PARTIALITY.—Equal love and care should be given to each child. Partiality should never in any case be manifested. Greater love for one child than for another should not find place in the heart of a parent. One of your children may be more beautiful or more brilliant than another, or it may be more capable, or more affectionate, or it may have in its nature more cunning and deceit, and succeed better in concealing its faults from the partial eye of a parent; yet, whatever may be the natural advantages of one above the other, you should be far from entertaining greater love and more tenderness of feeling for one of your children than for another, for it is sinful and dangerous to do so. Any manifestation of partiality amongst children by a parent is fraught with evil, and the consequences are to be feared. The unloved one is likely to become discouraged, while the petted one becomes puffed up, conceited and overbearing. You may ruin the future of both your children by your unfairness and injudicious distribution of your love. Children are utterly helpless and dependent, and if you fail to give them that which is due, that which is just and equal, they can make no appeal there being none other upon whom they may call, or upon whom a duty devolves in regard to a provision for them; and if you fail to give the love which the nature of the child demands, its life is embittered. You would scarce be guilty of withholding food for the sustenance of the body from one child whilst another was fed to repletion; and yet you are scarcely less unjust and cruel when you withhold the love due, without which the little heart will fade. Isaac and Rebecca, of whom we read in the Bible, were not the only parents, known in the world's history, who were guilty of partiality and folly in regard to this matter. There are distinctions made between children by parents in the present age which bring evil, and only evil to both parents and children. Esau's love had cursed for one child you should have one for the other; if you have a gift for one you should have a gift for the other; if but one gift, divide it equally between them, for all should share alike, and no pretext should be found for unfairness and wrong. Some natures will bear better than others neglect or indifference on the part of a parent. A woman had two little girls, and she invariably petted one, whilst the other was treated with coldness and hardness. One day she made a mistake. The unloved one was coming near her, and hearing the sound of her footsteps, and thinking that it was that of the loved one, she said: "Is that you, love?" And the child replied: "No, it's only me." Poor unloved, wronged baby.—MOSS ROSE, Science Hill, Kentucky.

A LETTER FROM EUROPE.—On a recent visit to the beautiful city of Düsseldorf on the Rhine, it was my good fortune to receive an invitation to a festival given by the Martha society, on the occasion of the eighth anniversary of its existence, and by this means to gain intelligence of the noble institution, so charitable in its character that it seems duty to make it known to the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD.

The founders of the society are three very distinguished and estimable ladies of Düsseldorf, who still preside, and its members are "hired girls," over one hundred in number. The object of the society is to give "hired girls" an opportunity to spend their leisure hours profitable and keep away from temptation. The time of meeting is Sunday afternoon, and is spent in reading, singing and declaiming, the exercises being strictly religious and well adapted to instruct the girls and send them forth to their week's work with renewed vigor and the desire to fulfill their duties to the best of their abilities. Occasionally, too, a minister who is interested in the welfare of the society will deliver a discourse. Now much has been said in the columns of the HOUSEHOLD on the subject of "hired girls," both pro and con, but as yet I fear very little has been done to lighten their burden, or to make them more efficient.

I hope some of the sisters will give the subject due consideration, and, if possible, start similar societies for the "hired girls" in their vicinity. On my return to my western home I shall do likewise, and sincerely hope that there may soon be many societies in our country as pure and beneficient as the Martha society of Düsseldorf.—EMILY C. SALTMAN.

MORE ABOUT NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.—I saw by "Mair's" letter in the last BLADE, that she is in the same county that we are, and I fully agree with all she says regarding this part of the country. We are in Little Lake Valley, 20 miles north of Ukiah, the county seat, which is a nice little town, just now enjoying a boom, on account of the railroad, which will reach there in a short time. I do not wonder at people's ability of advising any one to come here, for of course there are inconveniences in any place away from the railroad, and perhaps everyone would not like such a rough country. But for me, the hills and mountains have a charm, that a prairie country cannot have, and I would not go back to Iowa to live, if any one would give me a farm there. Here it is November, and the roses are blooming in our dooryard, and the air is mild and balmy as May. But I will wait till the rains come before I say any more.—EVANGELINE, Willits, Cal.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one please give directions for crocheting a shoulder cape? Also tell how to crochet crazy stitch?—J. E. H.

Tell Miss O. E. Chapman in your column of inquiries to address MRS. C., Box 120, Montrose, Iowa.

Will some one please inform me as to where I may obtain some vegetarian paper, pamphlet or book?—READER.

Ask your bookseller to send for one.—ED.

Will the person who mentioned several weeks ago that they could give directions for painting with diamond dyes, kindly give those directions through the HOUSEHOLD?—H. K.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me what ails my geranium? The leaves turn yellow and every few days I have to pick them off, but they are full of bloom. I have a good place for them. Please give remedy.—LOVER OF FLOWERS.

We have a number of quarterly and Sunday school papers we would send to some school that would ask through the BLADE for them.—PLEASANT HILL SCHOOL, Uniontown, Fayette Co., Penn.

Can some of the readers of the BLADE tell me of a school for stuttering and stammering? Also of the life of Col. Gardener, or is there a book of that title now.—A READER.

Will some one tell me if salicylic acid is the same spoken of in the BLADE last summer, used for canning fruit, and if it will preserve fresh fish and how to use it? Please answer at once.

If "Old Bachelor" will write to me I will send him a recipe for sweet cucumber pickle. I can tell him how to make all kinds of pickles sweet or sour.

Does anyone want a recipe for old fashioned training gingerbread, such as our grandmothers made?—Miss D. D., Box 67, East Hampton, N. Y.

Will Mrs. J. L. Evans, or some kind reader of the BLADE, tell me through its columns, where I can get some "Marbie vine seed?" I will send stamped envelope.—MAUD L. M.——Tyner, W. Va., Wood Co.

Will some one give a recipe for cureing breakfast bacon such as we buy at the groceries.—S. E. V.

Will some one tell me how to get rid of the large bread beetle?—CLARA ALLEN.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

If "Diglis" will fill small tin cans with the drippings of smoked ham or bacon and set them in the places where the ants come in and go out, they will not trouble her food. For cockroaches, put poison into the can of drippings. Be very careful where you set that which has the poison in; also be careful to label in large letters poison. Be very careful that there is no food that they can get into or on where you have the poison.

For pimples on the face get the milk of sulphur—refined sulphur powdered—and rub it on the face with a soft cloth on retiring. In the morning wash your face with quite warm water and glycerine soap. —MARGE.

I would like to tell "Anxious Mother" who has a child with weak ankles, that I have seen children benefited by bathing the limbs in tepid salt water made from common coarse salt. Make as near like the sea salt water as possible as that would be the better of the two. Bathe the limbs every day and rub well with the hands while in the water.—AN ENGLISH WOMAN.

Noticing the inquiry in last Saturday's BLADE, regarding the removal of superfluous hair, I desire to inform "Trouble," and all others interested in the matter, what Dr. L. said a few years since in response to the same question. He claimed that there is no agent that will permanently destroy the hair without at the same time greatly injuring the skin. On referring to the different dictionaries of chemical preparations, etc., various formulas may be found, the basis of each being usually arsenic, generally in the form of orpiment quick-lime, or the sulphide of some alkali, or alkaline earth. Of these, the sulphide of barium is probably the best. When properly prepared and applied, after being rubbed up into a paste with starch and water, it will at least remove the hair for a time, which is more than many of the so-called depillatories will do. A slight knowledge of the physiological anatomy of the hair will explain the failure of these agents. There is a method which is simple and effective, although somewhat tedious. I refer to the removal of each individual hair by a pair of delicate epilating forceps, and the destruction of its follicle by exciting an inflammation which shall close it completely from the bottom. This is best accomplished by introducing into the follicle the point of a small steel needle, and by a few twists or turns breaking down its sides and bottom. The needle is then withdrawn, and soon a drop of blood or serum is seen to issue from the mouth of the recently irritated follicle. The inflammation thus excited seals the follicle, and the patient is afterwards free from the objectionable annoyance.—W. J. L.

I have often seen the inquiry in the BLADE for something that will drive away ants. The following I know to be good and also simple: Take some green sage, (or dry sage dampened will do) and scatter it about the parts where the ants are and they will soon leave.—LAURA C., Stockton, Kansas.

To "Mermaid".—You have evidently taken too much calomel. For a cure get mullein leaves, make strong tea, drink one-half cup three times a day, and bathe in mullein tea, (strain all you drink,) wear the leaves bound to your feet at night; through the day wear lead, (lining from tea box) in your shoes next to your flesh, and take vigorous exercise daily. You will find it hard to think you ever purged do it, I know by experience that this remedy is good.—M. A. H., Kansas.

Tell Aunt Mary that one of the most powerful astringents known is the leaves of the Manzinetta, a small tree or shrub that grows abundantly in California, and is recommended by physicians here as being the best remedy known for diarrhoea.—J. HARTSELL, Tulare, P. O., Cal.

There are no such things as flesh worms. It is nothing but dirt. If "May Flower" will wash her face with warm water and soap, she will have no further trouble with flesh worms, so called. Warm water is much better than cold to wash the face with at all times.

If the one who keeps bees will send to Mr. Root, bee keeper, Edina, Ohio, and get his book called "A B C of Bee Culture," they will learn from it all that is necessary for a beginner to know, or if they will write to me, I will tell them what little I know, as I have had some experience in that line.

Last fall I filled my jars with hot grapes, put white writing paper on top, then cotton batting over that, tied down tightly. Towards spring I found them just as good as when I put them away.—MRS. S. C. TYLER, 412 South Third Street, Quincy, Ill.

RECIPES.

Southern Rolls.—A pound of bread dough, a teacupful of butter worked thoroughly with the dough. Let rise, work, cut in strips, sift over with corn meal, place on a buttered pan, and when light bake in a quick oven.

Uncle Simeon's Brown Bread.—2 qts. Indian meal, 1 qt. rye, ½ cupful molasses, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 1 teaspoonful salaratus, 1 cupful yeast. Make as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon, with warm water. Let rise over night. Bake 5 or 6 hours.

Sour Kraut.—Take a good, clean barrel or keg, and have your cabbages ready, and your spade all clean. Cut the cabbages up in small pieces till you have enough to chop easily, and chop it fine as you want it, and then sprinkle salt on it. Continue this way till done. One cup of salt is enough for a barrel.—A FRIEND.

Bread Sauce.—Put a pint of milk in a double boiler, with a quarter of an onion and a third of a cup of sifted bread crumbs. Let it boil 15 minutes. Stir and add two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Remove the onion and pour this sauce on a hot platter to receive the game. Fry two-thirds of a cup of coarse rolled bread crumbs in a teaspoonful of butter. When very brown sprinkle the game and sauce with these crumbs.

Noodles.—Noodles are delicious served in any consomme soup, or as a vegetable. Break a good-sized egg into a bowl, stir into it about a half cupful of flour and a teaspoonful of salt. Work this till it is smooth, and turn out on a kneading board and knead it well till it is firm, elastic dough. Roll this out till it is as thin as a wafer. Let it dry about an hour. Roll it up in small rolls, cutting off the end to form little curls of paste. Put 3 cupfuls of noodles in about 2 quarts of stock and cook rapidly for half an hour. Skim them out and serve in a cream sauce, or mixed with ½ cupful of bread crumbs fried brown. If they are cooked in stock, the stock should be strained and served for a dinner soup.—LA COUSINE.

Roast Partridge or Grouse.—The term grouse is applied to the finnated grouse, or prairie chicken, while the bird known as the ruffled grouse is generally called partridge at the North. These birds vary little in size, and are cooked and served in the same way. Clean and wash the bird, removing carefully any feathers carried into the flesh by the shot. Lard the breast and legs. Put a small onion in each bird. Twist each bird in shape, rub the breast with butter, dredge lightly with salt and thickly with flour. Put the birds in a tin baking pan without water and roast in a quick oven for 20 or 30 minutes. Twenty minutes cooks the bird rare. Spread bread sauce on a hot platter, lay the birds on this bed and sprinkle them and the sauce with coarse brown bread crumbs fried in hot butter, and garnish the dish with parsley.

—"Best cure for Consumption is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ALEXANDRIA, MINN.	Johanna Eggert	Clint Upton
Fannie Kaiser	Lena Matson	Lou Weatherhe'd
Amelia Barley	Johnny Weston	Eda Sutton
Hattie Morse	Willie Downs	Freddie Hopon
Mary Wilcox	George Gilnes	Ernest Kisson
Olive Rogers	Arthur Kaiser	Eddie Gunderson
Mabel Taylor	Arthur S Knapp	Lester James
Lulu Hill	Lewis Shiewskwell	Charley Jern
Edith Johnson	Joseph Knapp	Olaf Frederickson
Verilla Johnson	Frank James	Herbie Allen
Mary Newstrand	Ralph Labort	Mamie Kasson
Maud Sage	Annie Brown	Chas McQuill'n
Louise Tonello	Minnie Thompson	Garry Stabler
Lena Coloy	Alice Downs	Carlton Stabler
Abbie Colby	Mattie Sutton	OUTLAND, S. J.
Sarah Olson	Lester Johnson	John E Butler

Names this week, 46. Total 21,020.

The above embraces all names received up to November 24.

For our Young Folks.

"US BOYS."

BY C. S.

Dear public at large,
In my humble way
I've a wrong to present
To your notice to-day,
For I do not stand here
To be seen, or make noise,
But to enter a plea
In defense of "Us Boys."

'Tis always supposed,
By some people I know,
That a boy never feels
A benevolent glow.
That no spirit ever stirs him,
But mischief and noise,
And that they reign supreme
In the hearts of "Us Boys."

E'en our pastor, who says
He "once was a boy,"
Looks over our heads,
When he seeks to employ
Scholars to gather
The stray pennies in,
To send "hats" and suspenders,
To the heathen in sin.

Now, to come to the point,
Not a long time ago,
Our pastor came in
With a package, you know,
And "Us Boys" all expectant,
Were anxious to see
What that brown paper parcel
Could possibly be,

Well, after a while,
The pastor explained
That the brown paper package
Mission boxes contained.
"And I want to engage
Some children," said he,
"These bright little ones
To beg money for me."

Then, he says as he passes
The boxes around,
That enough little girls,
To take all must found.
Now here is the rub,
Mid that bustle and noise
They wholly ignored
And neglected "Us Boys,"

Such treatment I plead,
Would fill with alloy,
The volatile heart
Of a real jolly boy.
For there must be good work,
Where, in spite of our noise,
The folk ought to want
The help of "Us Boys."

But we boys are willing
That the dainty small girls—
All the begging should do—
With their bangs and their curls,
For we don't like to beg,
But for real honest work
You'd find that "Us Boys"
Would scorn it to shirk.

It is said that a tree
As 'tis bent is inclined—
Then why not instill
In a little boy's mind,
The beautiful spirit
Of giving, and then
They'd be in the future
More benevolent men.

Now, I've just said my say,
And my statement is plain,
We boys have much to explain,
To protest and complain.
But we look to the future
With its hopes and its joys,
Only asking that justice
Be given "Us Boys."

THE DOG BINGO.

The dog Bingo belonged to a tramp. The Dolliver boys found him one day lying under a stone wall, nursing a leg which he had fallen on his leg and fastened him there. They liberated the dog, who manifested great joy and gratitude. Some days after, Roy Dolliver while fishing from a boat, fell into the water and would have drowned but for Bingo, who saved him. Farmer Dolliver bought Bingo from the tramp. The next night the tramp paid another visit to Farmer Dolliver, which we give:

"The night was warm, and Roy left his door wide ajar, to secure a good draft of air.

"The inside doors below were also open, and the windows, although the latter were barred by wire fly screens against any attempted exit of Bingo.

"Some time during the night, Roy was awakened by a low growling from the dog. He rubbed his eyes sleepily, and raised himself upon his elbow.

"At that moment the soft patter of Bingo's feet came to his ears. The sounds moved off to the door, then a pat-pat echoed down the stairs. A sudden growl burst from the dog's throat; then the smothered tones of a human voice, and suddenly a terrible howl broke the stillness of the night, followed by a scream of agony.

"Instantly the house was in an uproar.

"'What's the matter?' shouted Farmer Dolliver.

"There was a hasty leaping out of bed in the various rooms, and Farmer Dolliver rushed hurriedly down stairs, followed by his own boys, and by Roy in a state of intense alarm.

"'For pity's sake, take him off,' came to their ears in stifled tones, as the group entered the kitchen, whence proceeded Bingo's savage growls.

"Farmer Dolliver hastily struck a light.

"'Well, of all things!' he cried, in amazement, as the gleam of the candle illumined the room.

"Half in and half out of a window hung Bingo's master, the tramp. The dog had his enormous jaws firmly fixed in the man's shoulder. Neither commands nor pleadings could force the faithful animal to relax his hold.

"'What are you doing here?' sternly demanded Farmer Dolliver.

"'Oh, forgive me, sir, and let me go? I came to call the dog away. That was all, indeed, sir.'

"'Oho! that's your trade is it?' cried the irate farmer. 'You sell the dog, and then you coax him away and bolt with your $10. Cute scheme, but luckily the dog is more honest than his master. Good for you, Bingo —good fellow!' added Farmer Dolliver, patting the noble creature.

"The farmer concluded to keep the thief in custody until morning. In fact this was his duty as a deputy sheriff of the county.

"It was well he did, for on the next day an officer appeared from a distant town, in hot pursuit of Bingo's master.

"He was a burglar, it seems, and had committed some heavy robberies. The officer had been long upon his trail, and had finally traced him out through the comradeship of his magnificent dog.

"So the tramp went to prison, and Bingo was left.

"For years after, Roy Dolliver and Bingo were inseparable companions and friends. When at last the noble dog died, Roy set up a stone in memory of his honorable services, with this legend inscribed thereon:

"Bingo—brave and true."

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A FISH VILLAGE.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

One of the most fascinating pastimes that I ever engaged in was to play spy upon a submarine fish-village; and many a curious performance did I witness. My point of observation was an old wharf not many miles from the city of Havana. It was built out into the Gulf Stream, but long ago had fallen before a teredo, and its piles had crumbled until it rested just above the water like a hugh raft ready to be launched.

In this warm country shade was acceptable to even shore loving fishes, and beneath the protecting shadow of the old dock large numbers of what I soon began to call my "tiny finny friends" would congregate. The planks were everywhere pierced with auger holes to let off the water in the days when the wharf was in use, and by lying flat and applying my eyes to these port-holes I looked down upon the neighborhood unobserved. The shore here was pure silvery sand, quite sloping, so that it afforded an extended field for observation; the inshore portion of about twelve feet being the resort of small fishes, while from there to the channel large forms made their headquarters.

Almost the first impression received from watching these fishes was that they were domestic; in other words, they had a home-life. As soon as I learned to distinguish certain ones I found them day after day about the same stumps or posts, never venturing far away. The fishes which made up this suburban settlement, seemed to be of infinite variety; but perhaps altogether there were 20 or 30 different kinds, including the stragglers which came in from time to time, perhaps on a visit, from an old wreck that was another favorite spot not 100 feet distant. There were angel-fishes in gorgeous garbs of yellow, blue and black; snappers of rich brown hues, and their cousins, the grunts; some striped black-and-white, others mottled with old gold and vermilion, all together a very brilliant assemblage. Then there were minute fishes resembling a sapphire in color, actually scintillating as they darted about, while cow-fish with veritable horns, doctor-fish with lancet ready, an occasional semera with its curious sucking disk, the little barraconta, the spiny porcupine, and many more.

There always appeared to be the best understanding between these villagers, if I except the barraconta and doctor-fish. The former was apt, when no one was looking, to move silently and slowly in shore, and pick up and devour an infant fish; while the doctor had a habit of trying to lance any one that came too close. But among so many there were not very disturbing elements, and to the little fishes especially every day was a holiday, and to eat and enjoy themselves was the one object in life.

A game of tag was perhaps the commonest performance. One little fish would dart on another, and then be joined by several others, until finally a dozen or more would be seen following the leader, who darted around the piles and posts, finally joining the throng to in turn chase some other fish which seemed now to be selected as "it." Sometimes "it" was caught; but there never was the slightest roughness to show that anything but pleasantry was the object, and when a playfellow was "tagged" that ended it; the game either being stopped or the chase transferred to another fish. I rarely visited the fish village but such a game was going on.

Very often in midday, when the sun was beating down fiercest, a large school of sardines, little fishes allied to the herring, would take shelter beneath the old dock. Packed side by side, thousands upon thousands would lie with their heads in one direction, all taking a midday siesta, as the naps of fishes go. So large were these schools that they sometimes entirely filled the space beneath the platform and hid the sea-floor from view. As they, too, were young fishes, it is not strange that they should indulge in games, and, like the others, they had their games of "tag" and "chase," often hundreds joining in the sport.

But the pastime most affected by these silvery creatures was that of jumping; this seemed to be entered into with the greatest enjoyment and spirit. The leaping was of course not done under water, but as follows: As the tide rose the sticks and twigs that had been stranded were floated off, and soon drifted out to the school. As soon as a stick was observed by the argyreyd to be coming, one or more would dart at it, and with a frisk of their tails, a splash and clatter they would go, out of water, clearing the float with all ease imaginable. Others would follow, and I noticed that those who once performed the feat returned again and again; showing that it was a matter of decided enjoyment. Sometimes when a supply of sticks was on hand a dozen of these games would be going on at one time.

I frequently observed the fishes taking curious positions in the water without apparent purpose. Some would poise with head down, allowing themselves to gradually float upward until the tail touched the surface, then dart off with great velocity, just as if they had been "playing 'possum." Others would swim round and round in a circle, or take a number of short leaps out of the water, making a hop-skip-and-jump movement. Personal contests, seemingly in play, were often carried on. One fish would go another's side fin, and the two would swim about and struggle for some time, until perhaps, another fish would interfere and separate the contestants.—*Wide Awake.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

A READER, Kansas: Your horse has periodic opthalmia, to treat which, see recent number of the BLADE. It frequently results in total blindness.

A. T. R., Illinois: As asthma in a horse affects the bronchial tubes, there is no certain cure. The best thing to do will be for you to give a moderate cathartic, as raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; spirits of sweet nitre, two ounces. After this has operated, take of tincture of lobelia, two drachms; barley water and linseed tea, six ounces. Mix and give as a draught. To be repeated every hour for three hours. It must not be repeated after this has been given.

H. P. W., Nebraska:—A horse that switches his tail when being ridden under saddle may do so from something in the saddle irritating him, pain in the teeth, slight colic, improper bit, etc., or it may be traced to bad breaking. If the latter be the cause, we know of no certain cure. If from any other cause, it must be ascertained before a remedy can be applied.

J. C. U., Kansas:—We are of opinion that a fistula is forming on your horse, known as fistula of the withers. It is similar in all respects to poll evil, the only difference being the location. To deal with a fistula, a qualified veterinary should be called, as the bone may be involved in the diseased part. If you cannot get a competent veterinary, you must make the best of the condition of the horse. As the unwholesome processes are heated and tender at present, the inflamed part must be protected. Give a gentle laxative to begin, as powdered aloes, three drachms; bicarbonate of soda, one ounce. Give as a drench in a pint of warm water. Next, take of tincture of arnica, two ounces; vinegar and water, of each, one quart. Lay cloths on the swelling, and wet them frequently with this. If the case has not run too long, this will take out the inflammation, and the hardness remaining may be dispersed by rubbing the part with iodine, one drachm; lard, one ounce. Mix for an ointment. If the trouble has gone beyond the stage of dispersion, heroic measures must be taken. Take a sharp knife and make a free incision on the right side of the horse, directly under the affected part, in order to let the pus escape. You may know when pus has formed by the fluctuating feel of the abcess. The abcess should be syringed with carbolic acid water—one part of the former to fifteen of the latter, and afterward dressed with carbolic acid salve. In cases where the fistula has been running for some time, find the lowest pouch, either before or behind the shoulder, and make a free incision into it. Then inject with chloride of zinc, one drachm; water, one pint. The horse should have good care and plenty of good feed.

S. H. S., New York: We think your mare is suffering from a diseased condition of the blood; hence the sores on her leg. Give her sulphate of copper and iodine, of each one drachm. This amount twice a day every other day for a week. Poultice the leg with warm bran or linseed meal. Then wash the sore with powered alum, two drachms; sulphate of zinc, 15 grains; water, one pint. Anoint with vaseline. The liniment you used is very good for sprains, but will not answer where there are sore spots.

Mrs. S. F. Robison wishes to know if fruit trees can be planted in Southern Nebraska. Will some some one of the readers of the BLADE FARM in that vicinity give the information asked for?

F. L. P., Kansas: Your horse's mouth should have a thorough examination, as the fact that he can only with difficulty eat his corn is evidence that the trouble does not extend beyond the mouth. It may be that a small piece of splinter of wood or straw is embedded under the lip or elsewhere. There are several localized inflammations that occur in and around the mouth of horses that prevent proper mastication of their feed, as lampas, tenderness of the gums from scrofulous affection, decayed teeth, wide spaces between the teeth vines, etc., the latter being a chronic enlargement of the glands of the lower jaw, encroaching on the lower cavity of the mouth. They are liable to become tender and discharge into the mouth. Barbs and paps are also annoyances. These are swellings caused by the obstruction of the ducts of the salivary glands. A horse gets the toothache the same as an individual. A black spot on any of the molars or back teeth is an indication that decay has commenced, and acute pain follows. To remove the tooth is a hard matter. In teeth which have wide spaces between them, the only way is to remove the accumulations with water and a brush made for the purpose, and then wash with a solution of chloride of lime—an ounce to a pint. We cannot advise you what to do. A personal examination would be necessary to show what the trouble is. If the horse were in bad condition, the source of the trouble might be traced to some other part than the head. We know of no way to keep a horse from "scuffing" his feet on the ground when traveling.

MARTIN FERRON, Colorado: When water has become foul in a cistern, it may be sweetened by suspending a bag holding say a quart of charcoal, ground, into the water. Dr. Kedzie says where there is a foul odor in a cistern, it may be deodorized by some oxydizing agent, such as chloride of soda, or Labarraque's chlorinated soda. This can be found at any good druggists, put up in quart bottles, for use. To get the best results the material should be poured into the bottom of the cistern, using for this purpose a gas pipe reaching to the bottom. Two bottles will be sufficient.

H. C. M., Oregon: Seeds of the cypress or other evergreen trees may be had of leading seedsmen.

EMMA, of Oregon: It looks to us as if your fowls are suffering from rheumatism. Keep them in dry quarters, when there is no dampness. Take those effected, bathe their legs in fairly warm water in which there is a little mustard. Give the legs a good bath and wipe dry.

W. B. T., Nebraska, wishes to know how to take the horns off from calves, and at what age. When calves are young and the "button" appears that develops into the horns, take a stout knife, with a keen blade, and cut off the "buttons," or incipient horns.

W. M. M., Nebraska: The dropsical swellings in your mare's legs when standing in the stable, sometimes occur after the colt is weaned. Give her this: Sulphate of copper, 1 oz.; pulverized gentian root, 1½ oz.; pulverized ginger, ½ an oz.; nitre, 1 oz.; ground anise seed, 6 drachms. Mix and divide into eight powders, giving one night and morning. Give generous strengthening diet, but no corn. Keep in a well ventilated, comfortable stall. Rub the legs night and morning with the hands, and give gentle exercise, at least twice a day.

J. B. G., Washington Territory: Your cow has a touch of garget. Give her this: Stir ten ounces of epsom salts in three pints of warm water. Add to this one ounce of ginger, an ounce of gentian and a teacupful of molasses. After this cathartic has operated, foment the udder with warm water twice a day, and after drying, rub this on the udder with gentle friction: Powdered camphor, half an ounce; extract of belladona and lard, of each two ounces. Mix well together. Also place an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water morning and evening. Some recommend four ounces of gum camphor mixed well with a pint of olive oil to rub on the bag, but we prefer the recipe first named. The cow should not be given a large quantity of water while under treatment.

Notes on Winter Feeding.

Our regular food for cattle consists of 40 lbs. of pulped turnips or mangolds, 15 lbs. of cut hay and 3 lbs of wheat bran per head daily. These foods are prepared three times a week, being mixed in alternate layers in a pile about four feet deep. They are fed before much heated, or during the sweet stage of fermentation, which is usual when the temperature reaches 70 degrees. The nutritive ratio of this mixture is 1 to 5.9, that is, it contains one part of nitrogenous matter and fat to 5.9 parts of non nitrogenous matter, such as starch, sugar, fiber, etc. The market value of this ration is about 16c per head per day, but it ought not to cost the farmer over 9c. Water is given at about 40°; the stable is never heated above 50° and is properly ventilated, each animal having about 900 cubic feet of breathing space.

We saved last winter 12 per cent. of the hay by cutting it when fed to horses, and when fed to sheep by cutting the hay 30 per cent. by cutting it. A 17-horse power portable engine, with a 20 inch French burrhstone mill, grinds 30 bushels of peas or barley in one hour at a cost of 1c per bushel, including every possible item. The same power drives the hay-cutter and root-pulper both at the same time, and in less than two hours prepares 2,000 lbs. of hay and 6,000 lbs. of roots. The cost of this work is 35c per ton or 1¾c per head of cattle daily, including interest on cost of engine, fuel, tear and wear, oil, engineer, two hands at the hay-cutter, two at the pulper, and two at mixing the food.—PROF. WILLIAM BROWN, Ontario Agricultural College.

Chinese Farmers and China's Progress.

There are reasons to believe that the trade of this country with China will soon grow to majestic dimensions. Of the seven million five hundred thousand dollars of export to China in the last fiscal year, nearly five million dollars' worth was of distinctively agricultural products, and of their manufacture. Of the remainder, the largest share was mineral oil. The Chinese commission in the United States this year is charged especially with the promotion of banks, telegraph and telephone lines, behind which looms up the extension of canals, the introduction of railroads, of agricultural machinery, and of such of our products as China needs, and she has need of many. Her home products, aside from tea, are wheat, millet, garden vegetables, rice, poor apples, peaches, grapes, etc. The food of China is mostly vegetables and fish—the extensive sea coast, rivers and canals supplying the latter. Beef is almost unknown, except in the foreign settlements, and berries are rare; mutton is plentiful; pork, poultry and eggs are abundant. Domestic animals, except dogs, are not common. Horses are scarce, mules are numerous, cattle in small numbers, but flocks and herds are unknown. The national habit is opposed to change, and so the nation of three hundred million souls goes on in "the good old way." The United States broke the spell of centuries in Japan. It may yet do the same for China. We go for trade and progress, other nations for trade and conquest and colonies, and the Chinese leaders are beginning to understand this.

A modernized agriculture, and the general introduction of railroad and wagon service, would rejuvenate the decaying "Flowery Land," which is a bald misnomer for a land destitute of flowers and shrubs, treeless, and with a dull herbage that contrasts strongly with the culture that has made the American continent to "blossom like the rose," and to be rich in various products that its enterprise bears to all of the civilized world.—*American Agriculturist for December.*

What the Fruit Grower Should Know.

Dr. J. A. Lintner is credited with the following remarks at the recent meeting of the American Pomological society:

1. He should be acquainted with all of the more common insects that occur in his vicinity, their names (not necessarily the scientific ones), their injuries and their habits.

2. He should be able to detect new insect pests, so that he could promptly submit them for scientific study.

3. He should be able to distinguish between insect foes and insect friends, so that in fighting the former he will not destroy the latter.

4. He should be able to refer them to each one of the several orders to which they may belong, so that he can speak or write of them understandingly, without grouping them all under the name of "bugs."

5. He should know the manner of insect feeding, whether by means of biting jaws or with a proboscis, so as to be able to employ the proper class of insecticides.

6. He should experiment with such remedies and preventives as his own observations and experience may suggest.

7. He should avail himself of the publications in economic entomology relating to fruit pests, which are numerous, and would be of great service.

Storing Cabbage for Winter.

Cabbages, carefully stored, will not lose anything, and often gain much by being attended to in a proper manner. I prefer pulling and storing on the same day. The general practice is to pull, turn over with roots up, and allow them to "dry" before storing. Now a cabbage, if it lies a day in bright sun with the roots up, loses considerable of its moisture by evaporation, leaving it in a wilted condition, and if kept long in this state is unfit for use. By pulling on a dry day, about the second week in November, and storing at once, they have not had enough of frost to injure them, nor are they allowed to get dry and lose their succulent condition. When pulling them, all hard heads are selected and kept by themselves, to be packed in trenches with the leaves carefully tucked around them, and roots up, using for a covering finely pulverized soil packed closely around the heads. If the weather is warm at the time, only about an inch or two is put on, and more added as the severity of the weather demands more protection.

The loose heads are kept by themselves, and buried with roots down and heads up; in this condition they gain in solidity if not in size. They must never be allowed to get very dry, or have much of the soil shaken from the roots when planted. If it takes a good deep furrow to get them suitably set in, with roots down, but it can mostly be done with the plow. Much of the covering can also be done by bringing the soil up against the plants with the plow, and then shoveling it around them as compactly as possible. If packed firmly they keep better and mice are less likely to injure them by burrowing around and cutting them. In order to get at them during winter, a covering of leaves or any rough material which will keep out the frost, is necessary. When selecting a place to store cabbages, it is necessary to have ground where water does not stand, but passes off freely and quickly; stagnant water soon rots them, and they will not remain long in good condition where they are not kept dry.—*Country Gentleman.*

NORTHWESTERN MILLERS.

Anchor Ice Clogging the Wheels of Water Power Mills—Prices Firm.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 25.—The *Northwestern Miller* says anchor ice the closing part of last week, and since then, has made it almost impossible for water mills to run. The total flour product of the week ending November 19 was 143,400 barrels, average 23,900 barrels daily, against 147,900 the previous week and 181,600 barrels for the corresponding time in 1886.

The lower temperature Friday caused anchor ice to form, and by 11 o'clock the next morning it practically clogged all the water wheels.

Steam mills are left in possession of field. Since then the ice has troubled all more or less with attendant lower water. Mills depending on water solely have not been able to accomplish much. The West Side Power company has notified lessees that on and after December 1 they will be restricted to sixteen hours' work per day, as is provided for in most leases.

There are now seven mills using steam, and aside from their product the output is light.

There is no longer any difficulty about getting cars. The flour market is steady and rather quiet. The advance in wheat, together with the reduction in the flour output, caused millers to advance prices. Some of them have withdrawn from the market, while others are selling sparingly.

There is a fair demand from the East, and steady inqury on export account.

The exports last week were 48,750 barrels against 46,850 barrels the previous week. Receipts last week were 1,946,270 bushels of wheat; shipments, 352,240 bushels; flour, 142,457 barrels; mill-stuff, 4,792 tons; wheat in store here, 5,596,257 bushels; at St. Paul, 155,000; at Duluth, 2,793,024.

MAKING SUGAR.

The United States Soon to Take an Advanced Place in Its Manufacture.

LANSING, Mich., Nov. 23.—Commissioner of Agriculture N. J. Colman, has received a telegram from chief chemist Wiley, of the agricultural bureau, announcing that the experiment at Magnolia plantation, Louisiana, in producing sugar from sorghum by the new process, which is just at present a pet project of the commissioner's had produced the most encouraging results at the first trial.

Mr. Colman is confident that his method will revolutionize the sugar industry of the United States. The roller process of extracting sugar from sorghum, which was in use when he became commissioner, three and a-half years ago, pressed out only about half the juice, or 40 pounds of sugar to the ton of cane, while every ton contained over three times that amount. He at once sent a special agent to Europe to study the system of beet sugar making, known as the diffusion or saturation process.

The agent brought home plans and drawings of the entire apparatus required, and from these the battery of cells that has done such excellent work at the experiment station at Fort Scott, Kan., during the last year was made. After overcoming many difficulties, the station produced over 283,000 pounds of fine sugar from sorghum, over 140 pounds of sugar being turned out from each ton of cane.

"Besides this amount," said the commissioner, "many more thousand pounds will be made from the seconds, which is the molasses reboiled. Aside from the sugar, there are many thousands of gallons of molasses; and about the same number of bushels of seed of sorghum are grown to the acre that there are of corn, and it is just as valuable for feeding all kinds of stock, and really pays for the raising of the crop. A fair average yield is twelve tons of cane to the acre. The Louisiana experiment has produced 98 per cent of the sugar from the cane, while the old milling process obtains only 60 per cent."

"Then the prospect is ——"

"That in a few years America will make all the sugar she can use, and the $100,000,000 annually sent out of the country for that item will be kept at home. The new industry has come to stay. It will draw followers from other branches of farming, and gives great relief to industries in which there is an overproduction, and the sorghum sugar can be made just as good as that from southern cane."

TALMAGE ON THIRST IN A CAVERN.

The Gospel the Fountain of Perpetual Youth—Skeptics Measure Eternity With an Hour Glass and the Throne of God With a Yard Stick.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 27.—The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was: "Thirst in a Cavern;" and the text: "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gates!"—II Samuel xxiii, 15. War, always distressing, is especially ruinous in harvest time. When the crops are all ready for the sickle, to have them trodden down by cavalry horses and heavy supply trains gullying the fields is enough to make any man's heart sick. When the last great war broke out in Europe, and France and Germany were coming into horrid collision, I rode across their golden harvests and saw the tents pitched and the trenches dug in the very midst of the ripe fields, the long scythe of battle sharpening to mow down harvests of men in great winrows of the dead. It was at this season of harvest that the army of the Philistines came down upon Bethlehem. Hark to the clamor of their voices, the neighing of their chargers, the blare of their trumpets and the clash of their shields!

Let David and his men fall back! The Lord's host sometimes loses the day. But David knew where to hide. He had been brought up in that country. Boys are inquisitive, and they know all about the region where they were born and brought up. If you should go back to the old homestead, you could, with your eyes shut, find your way to the meadow, or the orchard, or the hill back of the house, with which you were familiar thirty or forty years ago. So David knew the cave of Adullam. Perhaps, in his boyhood days, he had played "hide and seek" with his comrades all about that old cave; and though others might not have known it, David did. Travelers say there is only one way of getting into that cave, and that is by a very narrow path; but David was stout, and steady headed, and steady nerved; and so, with his three brave staff officers, he goes along that path, and his big form in the cave, sits down, looks around at the roof and the dark passages of the mountain, feels very weary with the forced march, and water he must have or die. I do not know but there have been drops trickling down the side of the cavern, or that there may have been some water in the goat's skin slung to his girdle, but that was not what he wanted. He wanted a deep, full, cold drink, such as a man gets only out of an old well with moss covered bucket. David remembered that very near that cave of Adullam there was such a well as that, a well to which he used to go in boyhood—the well of Bethlehem; and he almost imagines that he can hear the liquid plash of the bucket, and his parched tongue moves through his hot lips as he says: "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

It was no sooner said than done. The three brave staff officers bound to their feet and start. Brave soldier will take even a hint from their commander. But between them and the well lay the host of the Philistines; and what could three men do with a great army? Yet where there is a will there is a way, and, with their swords slashing this way and that, they made their path to the well. While the Philistines are amazed at the seeming foolhardiness of these three men, and cannot make up their minds exactly what it means, the three men come to the well. They drop the bucket. They bring up the water. They pour it in the pail, and then start for the cave. "Stop them!" cry the Philistines. "Clip them with swords. Stab them with your spears! Stop those three men!" Too late! They have got around the hill. The hot rocks are splashed with the overflowing water from the vessel as it is carried up the cliffs. The three men go along the dangerous path, and with cheeks flushed with the excitement and all out of breath in their haste they fling their swords, red with the skirmish, to the side of the cave, and cry out to David, "There, captain of the host, is what you wanted, a drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

A text is no use to me unless I can find Christ in it, and unless I can bring a Gospel out of these words, that will arouse and comfort and bless, I shall wish I had never seen them; for your time would be wasted, and against my soul the dark record would be made that this day I stood before a great audience of sinning, suffering and dying men, and told them of no rescue. By the cross of the Son of God, by the throne of the eternal judgment, that shall not be! May the Lord Jesus help me to tell you the truth to-day.

You know that carrier pigeons have sometimes letters tied under the wing, and they fly hundreds of miles—100 miles in an hour—carrying a message. So I have thought I would like to have it now. Oh, heavenly Dove! bring under thy wing to-day, to my soul and to the souls of this people, some message of light, and love, and peace!

It is not an unusual thing to see people gather around a well in summer time. The husbandman puts down his cradle at the well curb. The builder puts down his trowel. The traveler puts down his pack. Then one draws the water for all the rest, himself taking the very last. The cup is passed around, and the fires of thirst are put out; the traveler starts on his journey, and the workman again takes up his burden.

My friends, we come to-day around the Gospel well. We put forth our pack of burdens and our implements of toil. One man must draw the water for those who have gathered around the well. I will try and draw the water to-day; and if, after I have poured out from this living fountain for your soul, I just taste of it myself, you will not begrudge me a "drink from the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

This Gospel well, like the well spoken of in the text, is a well of Bethlehem. David had known hundreds of wells of water, but he wanted to drink from that particular one, and he thought nothing could slake his thirst like that. And unless your soul and mine can get access to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness, we must die. That fountain is the well of Bethlehem. It was dug in the night. It was dug by the light of a lantern—the star that hung down over the manger. It was dug not at the gate of Cæsar's palaces, not in the park of a Jerusalem bargain-maker. It was dug in a barn. The camels lifted their weary heads to listen as the work went on. The shepherds, unable to sleep, because the heavens were filled with bands of music, came down to see the well. The angels of God, at the first gush of the living water, dipped their chalices of joy into it and drank to the health of earth and heaven as they cried, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace." Sometimes in our modern barns the water is brought through the pipes of the city to the very nostrils of the horses or cattle; but this well in the Bethlehem barn was not so much for the beasts that perish as for our race; thirst smitten, desert traveled and simoon struck. Oh, my soul, weary with sin, stoop down and drink to-day out of that Bethlehem well!

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks so my soul panteth after thee, O God." You would get a better understanding of this amidst the Adirondacks in summer time. Here comes a swift footed deer. The hounds are close on the track; it has leaped chasms and scaled cliffs; it is fagged out; its eyes are rolling in death; its tongue is lolling from its foaming mouth. Faster the deer, faster the dogs, until it plunges into Schroon lake and the hounds can follow it no farther, and it puts down its head and mouth until the nostril is clean submerged in the cool wave, and I understand it: "As the hart panteth for the water brook, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." Oh, bring me water from that well! Little child, who has learned of Jesus in the Sabbath school, bring me some of that living water. Old man, who fifty years ago distilled the well, bring me some of that water. Stranger in a strange land, who used to hear sung amidst the highlands of Scotland, to the tune of "Bonnie Doon," "The Star, the Star of Bethlehem," bring me some of that water. Whosoever drinketh of that water shall never thirst. Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

Again, this Gospel well, like the one spoken of in the text, is a captured well. David remembered the time when that good water of Bethlehem was in the possession of his ancestors. His father drank there, his mother drank there. He remembered how the water tasted when he was a boy and came up there from play. We never forget the old well we used to drink out of when we were boys or girls. There was something in it that blessed the lips and refreshed the brow better than anything we have found since. As we think of that dear old well the memories of the past flow into each other like crystalline drops, sun glinted, and all the more as we remember that the hands that used to lay hold the rope and the hearts that beat against the well curb are still now. We never get over these reminiscences. George P. Morris, the great song writer of this country, once said to me that his song, "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was sung in a great concert hall, and the memories of early life were so wrought upon the audience by that song that, after the singing was done, an aged man arose in the audience, overwhelmed with emotion, and said: "Sir, will you please to tell me whether the woodman really spared the tree?" We never forget the tree under which we played. We never forget the fountain at which we drank. Alas for the man who has no early memories.

David thought of that well, that boyhood well, and he wanted to drink of it, but he remembered that the Philistines had captured it. When those three men tried to come up to the well in behalf of David, they saw swords gleaming around about it. And this is true of this Gospel well. The Philistines have at times captured it. When we come to take a full, old fashioned drink of pardon and comfort, do not their swords of indignation and sarcasm flash? Why, the skeptics tell us that we cannot come to that fountain! They say the water is not fit to drink, anyhow. "If you are really thirsty now, there is the well of philosophy, there is the well of art, there is the well of science." They try to substitute, instead of our boyhood faith, a modern mixture. They say a great many beautiful things about the soul, and they try to feed our immortal hunger on rose leaves, and mix a mint julep of worldly stimulants when nothing will satisfy us but "a drink of water of the well of Bethlehem, which is at the gate." They try to starve us on husks, when the father's banquet is ready, and the best ring is taken from the casket, and the sweetest harp is struck, and the swiftest foot is already lifted for the dance.

They patronize heaven and abolish hell, and try to measure eternity with their hour glass, and the throne of the great God with their yard stick! I abhor it. I tell you the old Gospel well is a captured well. I pray God that there may be somewhere in the elect host three anointed men, with courage enough to go forth in the strength of the omnipresent God, with the glittering swords of truth, to hew the way back again to that old well. I think the tide is turning, and that the old Gospel is to take its place again in the family, and in the university, and in the legislative hall. Men have tried worldly philosophies, and have found out that they do not give any comfort, and that they drop an Arctic midnight upon the death pillow. They fail when there is death chill in the house; and when the soul comes to leap into the fathomless ocean of eternity, they give to the man not so much as a broken spar to cling to. Depend upon it, that well will come into our possession again, though it has been captured. If there be not three anointed men in the Lord's host with enough consecration to do the work, then the swords will leap from Jehovah's buckler, and the eternal three will descend—God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost—conquering for our dying race the way back again to "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." "If God so loved us, as his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" "For I am persuaded that neither height nor depth, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come," shall take from us, into final captivity, the gospel of my blessed Lord Jesus Christ.

Again, the Gospel well, like the one spoken of in my text, is a well at the gate. The traveler stops the camel to-day, and gets down and dips out of the Valley of the East some very beautiful, clear, bright water, and that is out of the very well that David longed for. Do you know that the well was at the gate, so that nobody could go into Bethlehem without passing it? And so it is with this Gospel well—it is at the gate. It is, in the first place, at the gate of purification. We cannot wash away our sins unless with that water. I take the responsibility of saying that there is no man, woman or child in this house to-day that has escaped sinful declinement. You may be in a condition of dead and ungallant for me to make such a charge? Do you say, "I have never stolen, I have never blasphemed, I have never committed unchastity, I have never been guilty of murder?" I reply you have committed a sin worse than blasphemy, worse than chastity, worse than theft, worse than murder. We have all committed it. We have, by our sin, re-crucified the Lord, and that is deicide. And if there be any who dare to plead "not guilty" to the indictment, then the hosts of heaven will be impaneled as a jury to render a unanimous verdict against us; guilty one, guilty all. With what a slashing stroke that one passage cuts us away from all our pretensions—"There is none that doeth good; no, not one." "Oh," says some one, "all we want, all the race wants, is development." Now I want to tell you that the race develops, without the Gospel, into a Sodom, a Five Points, a great Salt Lake City. It always develops downward and never upward, except as the grace of God lays hold of it. What, then, is to become of our soul without Christ? Banishment. Disaster. But I bless my Lord Jesus Christ that there is a well at the gate of purification. For great sin, great pardon. For 80 years of transgression, an eternity of forgiveness. For a deep theft, a deep atonement high as heaven; that where sin abounded, so grace may much more abound; that as sin reigned unto death, even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. Angel of the covenant, dip thy wing in this living fountain to-day! and wave it over this unbelieving assemblage, that our souls may be washed in "the water of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

Further, I remark that this well of the Gospel is at the gate of Comfort. Do you know where David was when he uttered the words of the text? He was in the cave of Adullam. That is where some of you are now. Has the world always gone smoothly with you? Has it never pursued you with slander? Is your health always good? Have your fortunes never perished? Are your children all alive and well? Is there one dead lamb in the fold? Are you ignorant of the way to the cemetery? Have you ever heard the bell toll when it seemed as if every stroke of the iron clapper beat your heart? Are the skies as bright when you look into them as they used to be when other eyes, now closed, used to look into them? Is there some trunk or drawer in your house that you go to only on anniversary days, when there comes beating against your soul the surf of a great ocean of agony? It is the cave of Adullam! The cave of Adullam! Is there some David here whose fatherly heart wayward Absalom has broken? Is there some Jonathan, whose lonely because Saul is dead in the family plot of Machpelah? After thirty or forty years of companionship, how hard it was for them to part! Why not have two seats in the Lord's chariot, so that both the old folks might have gone up at once? My aged mother, in her last moment, said to my father, "Father, wouldn't it be nice if we could both go together?" No, no, no. We must part. And there are wounded hearts here to-day. The world cannot comfort you. What can it bring you? Nothing. Nothing. The salve they try to put on your wounds will not stick. They cannot, with their bungling surgery, mend the broken bones.

Zophar the Naamathite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Eliphaz the Temanite, come in and talk, and talk, and talk, but miserable comforters are they all. They cannot pour light into the cave of Adullam. They cannot bring a single draught of water from "the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." But, glory be to Jesus Christ, there is comfort at the gate! There is life in the well at the gate. If you give me time, I will draw up a promise for every man, woman and child in this house. Ay, I will do it in two minutes. I will lay hold the rope of the old well. What is your trouble? "Oh," you say, "I am so sick, so weary of life—ailments after ailments." I will draw up a promise: "The inhabitants shall never say 'I am sick.'" What is your trouble? "Oh, I am lonely because of loss of friends—bereavement," you say. I will draw you up a promise, fresh and cool, out of the well: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." What is your trouble? You say it is infirmities of old age. I will draw you up a promise: "Down to old age I am with you; even to hoary hairs will I carry thee." What is your trouble? "Oh," you say, "I have a widowed soul and my children cry for bread." I bring up this promise: "Leave thy fatherless children—I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." I break through the armed ranks of your sorrows to-day and bring to your parched lips "a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

Again, this Gospel well is at the gate of heaven. I have not heard yet one single intelligent account of the future world from anybody who does not believe in the Bible. They throw such a fog about the subject, that I do not want to go to the skeptic's heaven, to the transcendentalist's heaven, to the worldly philosopher's heaven. I would not exchange the poorest room in your house for the finest heaven that Huxley or Stuart Mill, or Darwin ever dreamed of. Their heavan has no Christ in it; and a heaven without Christ, though you could sweep the whole universe into it, would be a hell! Oh, they tell us there are no songs there; there are no conversations in heaven—that is all imagination. They tell us we will do there about what we do here, only on a larger scale—geometrize with clearer intellect, and with alpenstock go clambering up over the icebergs in an eternal vacation. Rather than that, I turn to my Bible, and I find John's picture of that good land—that heaven which was your lullaby in infancy, that heaven which our children in the Sabbath school will sing about this afternoon, that heaven which has a "well at the gate."

After you have been on a long journey, and you come in all bedusted and tired to your home, the first thing you want is refreshing ablution; and I am glad to know that after we get through the pilgrimage of this world—the hard, dusty pilgrimage—we will find a well at the gate. In that one wash, away will go our sins and sorrows. I do not care whether cherub or seraph or my own departed friends in that blessed land place to my lips the cup, the touch of that cup will be life, will be heaven. I was reading of how the ancients sought for the fountain of perpetual youth. They thought if they could only find and drink out of that well, the old would become young again, the sick would be cured, and everybody would have eternal juvenescence. Of course, they could not find it. Eureka! I have found it—"the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

I think we had better make a bargain with those who leave us, going out of this world from time to time, as to where we will meet them. Travelers parting appoint a place of meeting. They say, "We will meet at Rome, or we will meet at Stockholm, or Vienna, or Jerusalem, or Bethlehem." Now, when we come to stand at the death pillow of those who are leaving us for the far land, do not let us weep as though we would never see them again, but let us there standing, appoint a place where we will meet. Where shall it be? Shall it be on the banks of the river? No, the banks are too long. Shall it be in the temple? No; no. There is such a host there—ten thousand times ten thousand. Where shall we meet our loved ones? Let us make an appointment to meet at the well by the gate. Oh, heaven! Sweet heaven. Dear Heaven! Heaven, where our good friends are! Heaven, where Jesus is! Heaven! Heaven!

But while I stand here there comes a revulsion of feeling when I look into your eyes and know there are souls here dying of thirst, notwithstanding the well at the gate. Between them and the well of heaven there is a great many miles of sin, and though Christ is ready to clear a way to that well for them, they will not have his love of intercession.

But I am glad to know that you may come yet. The well is here—the well of heaven. Come; I do not care how feeble you are. Let me take hold of your arm, limb without limb, and offering to every one that thirsteth, come." I would rather win one soul to Christ this morning than wear the crown of the world's dominion. Do not let any man go away and say I did not invite him. Oh, if you could only just look at my Lord once; if you could just see him full in the face; ay, if you could only hear as that woman did whom I read about at the beginning of the services—just come up behind him and touch his feet—methinks you would live. In northern New Jersey, one winter, three little children wandered off from home in a snow storm. Night came on. Father and mother said, "Where are the children?" They could not be found. They started out in search, and they were joined by the neighbors, and before morning it was said that there were hundreds of men hunting the mountains for those three children, but found them not. After awhile a man imagined there was a place that had not been looked at and he went and saw the three children. He examined their bodies. He found that the older boy had taken off his coat and wrapped it around the younger one, the baby, and then taken off his vest and put it around the other one; and there they all died, he probably the first, for he had no coat or vest. Oh, it was a touching scene when that was brought to light! I was on the ground a little while after, and it brought the whole scene to my mind; and I thought to myself of a more melting scene than that: it is that Jesus, our elder brother, took off the robe of his royalty, and laid aside the last garment of earthly comfort, that he might wrap our poor souls from the blast. Oh, the height, and the depth, and the length, and the breadth of the love of Christ!

THE FIFTIETH CONGRESS.

New Faces to be Seen—Congressman Lane's Romance.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—There will be 130 members of the Fiftieth congress who were not members of the Forty-ninth, and with the exception of perhaps a half dozen, have never been members of any congress. Mr. Leopold Morse, a second-hand clothing dealer of Boston, who succeeds Judge Ambrose A. Ramsey, has been in congress before. So has Benjamin F. Shively of Indiana.

Mr. Shively was elected to fill the vacancy in the Forty-eighth Congress, caused by Mr. Calkins resigning to accept the Republican gubernatorial nomination in the Hoosier state. As there has been some considerable doubt as to the exact majority the Democrats will have in the House, it may not be amiss to give the official figures as prepared by the clerk of that body.

There will be a Democratic majority of 11; 4 of the minority votes are Independents. These are one each from Iowa, North Carolina, Virginia and Wisconsin. A. R. Anderson, Independent, of Iowa, succeeds Mr. William F. Hepburn, who replied to Gen. Bragg when that short, irascible writer demanded the names of members as the ros-tag and bobtail of the army.

The Union soldier had few better friends in Congress than was Mr. Hepburn, though his enthusiasm sometimes led him into hot debates. Mr. William R. Cox, that great diplomatist, who was slaughtered by his constituents because he pandered to have very high views of civil service reform, has for a successor Mr. John Nichols, an Independent. J. W. Daniels, now a senator from Virginia, succeeding ex-Senator Mahone, is succeeded by a Mr. Hopkins, Independent. The fourth is from Wisconsin and is called Swift, baptized as Henry. His name is as common as his predecessor's was peculiar, the latter having been Isaac Van Schaick.

There is at least one man in the Fiftieth congress who has a bit of romance connected with his life, and that is not altogether connected with Ohio, Judge Edward Lane of the Seventeenth Illinois district. Some forty odd years ago a schooner was wrecked on Lake Erie, not far from Sandusky. Only one passenger was saved, and that was a baby, which was picked up by a farmer.

It was tied to a mattress and several life-preservers. The farmer's name was Lane, and he gave the baby a home and his name. Nothing was ever heard of its parents or relatives. It grew into a man, went to Kansas during the border wars, was unsuccessful, drifted into Hillsboro, Ill., where he worked and studied. After completing a general school course he studied law, was admitted to the bar and is new Congressman Edward Lane.

Roderick Random Butler is the somewhat peculiar name of a very peculiar man who is to represent a peculiar community in the Fiftieth congress. Mr. Butler comes from the mountain regions of Tennessee. He was a member of the House in 1870 and escaped expulsion by only one vote for selling a West Point cadetship for $1,000. He was centured for his enterprise, however, by an unanimous vote of the House.

DREAMY LAMAR.

He Is Wholly Unfitted for a Position on the Supreme Bench.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—"It is a pity that Lamar is to be nominated for the Supreme bench," said a prominent Democrat last evening. "Personally I like Lamar very much. He is a brainy man and a good fellow. But he has few of the attributes that fit him for the proposed position.

"He has not a judicial mind, and has had no judicial training. He knows a little law, perhaps, but he was never a lawyer of any prominence. Why he should be chosen for the judgship I cannot imagine. I suppose, however, it is because Cleveland has a great admiration for him and wants to do something which will fix the old man for life.

"I see some one has started the story that Lamar's age is in the way of his appointment. To my mind his age is the least of the objections to him even if he is as old as they try to make him out to be. The older he is the less time he would have to serve, and the less time he has to serve the better for the country.

"Lamar should have been a poet. He has that dreamy, hazy sort of mind, which would seem natural in a poet, but which is particularly out of place in a judge. Why, half the time he is in that dreamy state of mind that makes him as totally oblivious to everything around him as if he were asleep.

"When he is in that condition he forgets everything and seems completely wrapped up in himself and his thoughts. I know many funny things that he has been guilty of when in the condition I have mentioned. Once, while in the senate, he prevailed upon a fellow senator to dine with him, and at the appointed time they wended their way arm in arm down the avenue toward Lamar's boarding place. They had not gone far when Lamar fell into one of his dreamy fits. His companion kept up a desultory conversation, doing most of the talking himself, until they reached their destination, when Lamar, looking up, reached out his hand and said, 'Well, old fellow, I am home, good bye.' His companion had to actually remind him that he had invited him to dinner.

"One day since he has been secretary of the interior, he had a call to make at Portland Flats. His driver stopped at the Fourteenth street entrance and the secretary went in, transacted his business and went out at the Vermont avenue side, walked down to the war department, a distance of half a mile, leaving his driver and carriage standing at the hotel.

"When he had finished his business at the war department he came out and looked for his carriage. Not finding it he fumed, fretted and swore for a while and then took a car back to the interior department. Next morning he called his driver in and took him to task for driving off and leaving him. He would not even listen to an explanation.

"Another time, when he had fallen into one of his fits, he came out of his office in the southeast corner of the building into the corridor and dreamily walked around until he was in the west hall, when, half awakening, he was completely lost and had to be shown the way back to his office.

"His carriage driver has to constantly watch him when he alights, to keep him from going out bareheaded, and leaving important papers behind him in the carriage. He frequently leaves his office in the middle of the day for a walk, and forgets to come back.

"I could mention many freaks of the kind, all innocent in themselves, none detracting from his ability or character, but, I take it, going far to prove his unfitness for a place on the supreme bench."

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Queen Victoria has returned to Windsor Castle from Scotland.

J. G. Douglas, capitalist, dropped dead in Indianapolis, in the lobby of the English Opera House. Mr. Douglas was married on the 11th. Death was the result of heart disease.

General Master Workman Powderly, in a letter, announces his intention to resign his office after the next session of the board. The causes of the resigning are a lack of support and ill health.

The 142-hour go-as-you-please race, has ended in Philadelphia. Littlewood, the Englishman, won. Score: Littlewood, 569 miles, 1 lap; Albert, 530 miles; Panchot, 511 miles, 9 laps.

Major A. W. Hendricks, one of the most prominent lawyers of Indiana and cousin of the late Vice President Hendricks, died suddenly from heart disease, at Indianapolis. He was 60 years of age.

The long-continued drouth in Illinois has been broken and the forest fires quenched. Rains in the Ohio valley have insured a rise in the river, and coal shipments will soon start from Pittsburg.

M. Gaunt, a wealthy colored resident of Xenia, has deeded property, valued at $30,000, to Wilberforce University. That institution is a pioneer of its class, and is a leading colored college.

Dennis McNamara, a shop keeper at Ennas, Ireland, has been sentenced to two weeks imprisonment for selling copies of *United Ireland*, William O'Brien's paper, the selling of which had been proclaimed.

Mr. Charles A. Gillig, of the American Exchange, London, in conversation with a Buffalo reporter, stated his present visit to the United States was for the purpose of perfecting the necessary arrangements for a visit by Mr. Gladstone in April next.

Mr. John Dillon writes that it is owing to his urgent request that Messrs. Coxe and Sheehy, members of parliament, have been sent to this country whose warrants were issued for them. He says that both of these gentlemen have given valuable assistance in combining the tenants to demand reduced rents.

A stage running between Altus and Paris, Ark., 50 miles east of Ft. Smith, was stopped by a masked highwayman who proved to be J. H. Font. Detective Hamilton, who was in the coach, managed to draw a pistol in getting out of the vehicle, and took Font completely by surprise. He surrendered, and is now in jail at Paris.

The visible supply of grain Saturday, November 26, as compiled by the New York Produce Exchange, was as follows: Wheat, 39,361,799 bushels; increase, 484,843 bushels; corn, 6,104,882 bushels; decrease, 466,052 bushels; oats, 6,438,758 bushels; decrease, 29,610 bushels; rye, 325,450 bushels; increase, 12,183 bushels; barley, 3,683,742 bushels; increase, 208,374 bushels.

Experiments with incandescent electric lights made at the torpedo station at Newport, developed a novel use for lamps. With lamps of about 100-candle power fastened on the ends of poles submerged in the sea to a depth of 20 feet the water is so illuminated that objects in it can be distinguished within a radius of 150 feet. There is little or no glare from the submerged light to betray the presence of the boat using the lights. It is said the torpedo launches will be equipped with these lights in the future.

The Chicago Republicans have commenced active operations towards getting the coming national convention located in Chicago. Dan. Shepard has gone to Washington already to prepare the way for the committee, which will be in the capital next week. As far as already determined this committee will consist of W. S. Leland, J. B. Dinke, Dan. Shepard, Ferd. Peck, W. A. Jones, Wm. Penn Nixon, C. A. Snowden, Joseph Medill, Mayor Roche, George R. Davis, and others who will be asked to join the committee before its departure. A meeting of prominent Democrats was also held for the purpose of urging the members of the national Democratic committee to locate that convention in Chicago.

ANARCHY ONCE MORE.

The Discontents Preparing For a Scene in Chicago on December 10.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—[Special wire.]—The following extracts from an article in the Sunday issue of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* are interesting at the present juncture, as there has been a question as to whether an anarchistic celebration, such as the Central Labor union and a number of singing and turning societies intend to have December 10, would lead to any trouble.

Referring to the attempts to prevent any speaking at such a meeting, the paper says:

"The committee that has rented Battery D. hall for the grand celebration, December 10, is compelled to fight this insidious mob, which, in the full consciousness of its guilt, dare not approach its honest opponents openly, but only tries to obstruct their way by trickery.

"It is sad that such things can happen, but it is elevating that Friday evening the delegates of the nine turning societies declared as one man that 'We consider it our duty as turners to stand by free speech, as 30 years ago our brothers of the Cincinnati Turngemeinde considered it their sacred duty to protect the noble Wendell Phillips with their bodies against a mob that had a majority, but was governed by stupidity and brutality.'

"'As they were ready to give up blood and life for the constitution and the liberty of speech guaranteed by it, thus we will stand fast and true when John Glay steps on the platform and speaks to the working people of the past, present and future.

"These were true turners that spoke in that strain, and we entertain the strong hope that those turners who are also in a minority in the so-called conservative societies will be sound on this question, that they will also know where their place is, if anybody, whoever it may be, should make a frivolous or treasonable attempt deserving of death—to outrage the rights of the people. But it will not come to this."

The article goes on to say that the Citizens' association will not let it come to this for lack of courage, and that the organization would not, so soon after the 11th of November, provoke a riot, the termination of which would be, at least, doubtful."

ANOTHER ANARCHIST ARRIVES.

An Emissary of the Devil Lands in New York to "Report the Progress of the Coming Revolution."

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—[Special wire.]—There arrived in this city some days ago a European anarchist who has considerable reputation among his "crowd." The object of his visit to this country is to watch the revolutionary movement—when it moves—and report its progress—when it progresses—to his colleagues in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe.

An excellent linguist and a man of high attainments, he corresponds with Socialistic papers in England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain. This work occupies most of his time. His leisure hours he usually spends in the company of New York anarchists.

He was in such company when a *Herald* reporter was introduced to him yesterday. At first he would not speak at all. "My mission is a secret one," he explained; "and I don't care to give any 'pointers' to the capitalistic press."

Finally he was induced to talk and when once started it was hard to stop him. What he said would fill two pages. He said little that was new, but told of the present condition of anarchism throughout Europe.

He says that the revolution in England could not be staved off more than two years, and that his brethren did not believe in parliamentary agitation.

He said that France was saturated with socialism, but that there were no large socialistic organizations. He said that the socialists and anarchists in the German states were numbered by the thousands, and that the great object of socialists and anarchists alike was universal co-operation.

Most on the Stand.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—When the trial of John Most was resumed this morning the defendant was called to the witness stand to testify in his own behalf.

He denied that he had threatened the executioner of the anarchists in Chicago, or any one else.

SHARP WINS.

The Court of Appeals Grants a New Trial to the King of Boodlers.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—[Bulletin.]—Jacob Sharp has been granted a new trial.

The court of Appeals have reversed the decision in the Sharp case and ordered a new trial.

When the news of the Sharp decision reached the county court house, it created considerable stir among the lawyers present in the numerous courts. The general opinion seemed to be one of approval.

Mr. Clark, law partner of Congressman Bourke Cochran, who argued the case on appeal, on receiving the news, at once started for Ludlow street jail to convey the glad tidings to Jacob Sharp. He first saw Mrs. Sharp. She cried with joy and said she had heard so many rumors that she found it difficult to believe them.

She then broke the news to her husband. He manifested no emotion whatever, and seemed even to take but little interest in the matter. Since his conviction he has fallen into a moody, stolid, state of indifference to all outward things, from which it seems impossible to arouse him.

Mr. Clark said that when Mr. Cochran returns from Albany to-night, there will be a consultation about applying for Sharp's admission to bail.

A motion to that effect, he said, will probably be made to-morrow.

NEWS GOSSIP FROM WASHINGTON.

Carlisle to be Speaker—A View of the Situation as It Appears To-day—Speculation as the Various Officers.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—At 12 o'clock, noon, on Monday, the Fiftieth Congress will convene. The Democrats, who have a majority of ten in the House of Representatives, exclusive of the Independents, some of whom will act with them, will organize. They will have a caucus next Saturday evening for the purpose of nominating a speaker, a clerk, sergeant-at-arms, postmaster and door-keeper.

It is conceded by all that John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, will be the nominee of the caucus for Speaker, and that his re-election will not be antagonized by any one in the party. John P. Leedom, of Ohio, will without doubt be renominated sergeant-at-arms, and Lycurgus Dalton, of Indiana, postmaster. So far no formidable opposition has arisen to the retention of these officers.

John B. Clark, of Missouri, will probably be renominated clerk of the House. His renomination has, until a within a few days, been conceded on all sides, but a new aspirant for clerkship honors looms up in the person of William G. Raines, of Rochester, N. Y., the younger brother of George Raines, a Democratic state Senator and a very prominent man in the party in New York. George Raines and his brother brother both arrived in Washington within a day or two. The elder Raines is here in the interest of his brother's candidacy.

Their friends claim to-night that the entire Democratic delegation to Congress from New York, as well as many prominent Democrats from that state, indorse William G. Raines, and promise to surprise Gen. Clark and his friends with the strength that will be developed between now and the time the caucus meets. In fact they talk confidently of his nomination and election.

There is a sharp contest for the door-keepership. Samuel Donelson, of Tennessee, is a candidate for re-election, but is opposed by a number of candidates, among them Mr. Hurd, of Mississippi, and Platt B. Walker, of Minnesota.

The Republicans of the House will cast a complimentary vote for Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, for the Speakership, and for the other offices they will give compliments. The house will be called to order by Clerk Clark, and after roll call the speaker will be elected.

When that officer takes the chair the election of the other officers follow. The members will then be sworn in by the Speaker, and the officers will be sworn in upon election. There are a number of contested elections, but they are not upon certificates, and the contestees will therefore be sworn in upon the prima facie evidence of their certificates.

The contests are Duffy vs. Davidson, of Alabama; Lowry vs. White, Indiana; Worthington vs. Post, Illinois; Frank vs. Gibson, Missouri; Sullivan vs. Felton, California; Lynch vs. Vandever, California; Smalls vs. Elliott, South Carolina; Thoebe vs. Carlisle, Kentucky.

A wrangle is expected over the adoption of temporary rules in the House, and this may occupy a day or two, but it is determined the Speaker will announce the committee on Rules, Accounts, Mileage, and Enrolled Bills. The House will then adjourn to give the Speaker opportunity to arrange the various standing committees.

President Ingalls will call the Senate to order, and that body being a continuing one, will proceed to business, there being no organization, except of some of the committees, necessary.

There may be a heated debate over a couple of contests—those of The People of Indiana vs. David Turpie, and Faulkner vs. Lucas, West Virginia.

There may be objections, and likely will be, to the administration of the oath to either of these contestees before the Committee on Privileges and Elections has examined the cases.

Irregularity in the issuance of Turpie's certificate, and the joint proceedings of the legislature which voted for him, are alleged in the first case, while in the second it is held that the term to which Lucas was appointed by the governor of West Virginia has not expired, and the legislature had no right to elect Faulkner.

The rearrangement of committees will be agreed upon by caucuses of senators of the two parties, and no time will be occupied in open Senate by that work. There will be some secret sessions for the reference of nominations made during the vacation, and reference to committees of some treaties which are anticipated. It is not likely that any work of importance will be done before the holiday recess.

ARENSDORF.

The Defense Trying Hard to Prove an Alibi.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Nov. 26.—The defense renewed the taking of testimony in the Arensdorf case. Twenty witnesses are to be examined tending to impeach the state witnesses and to establish an alibi. Junk, the proprietor of the saloon where the crowd congregated on the night of the murder, swore that he gave no money to pay for a hack, nor in compliance with Arensdorf's orders to give "Bismark" money.

He did not see the witness, Robson, in his saloon on the night of the murder, nor did he see Lewis, who will appear in rebuttal. Scollard denies that Robson met and talked to him in the saloon that night. Simonson acknowledged that he was at the saloon-keepers' meeting, which is contrary to the testimony of Arensdorf and others.

Two witnesses have turned up who will testify to seeing two persons run across the bridge to the brewery. The defense has a new witness in the former bookkeeper at Livingstone's wholesale house. His name is Wilson. He saw the shooting, and says Leavitt did it. Prominent citizens of Yankton are here, who will swear to the bad character of the Josephsons.

VIRGINIA'S VOTE.

The Democratic Majority Cut Down to a Bare 3,000.

RICHMOND, Nov. 29.—The state board of Canvassers were engaged all day yesterday footing up the returns of the recent election and considering contests. At a late hour last night the figures showed that the Democratic vote in the state was 119,806, and Republican 119,380, a Democratic majority of 426.

In the five countries in which the Democrats had no candidates for the House, the vote for Governor Lee in 1885 was 3,352 and in the two counties in which the Republicans had no House candidates, Wise, in the same year received 618, making the estimated Democratic majority in the state 3,160.

DRIVING TRADE AWAY.

Democratic Parsimony Working to the Detriment of the Country — England Takes Advantage of it.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—Information has reached Washington from Buenos Ayres which shows that the Argentine Republics having lost all hope of securing steamship communication with the United States, has made a concession to an English company, which is at once to put on a regular semi-monthly line of swift ships between New York and that port.

For the last ten years the Argentine Congress has had a standing offer of $100,000 a year subsidy to any American company that would establish a line of steamers between their ports and the ports of this country, but it has always been conditional upon a similar subsidy from the government of the United States, the Argentines being of the opinion that 50,000,000 of people, with a surplus of as many millions in the Treasury which they do not know what to do with, ought to be as liberal in aid toward the establishment of transportation facilities as a little nation of only 4,000,000 of inhabitants.

They have 21 lines of ships running between Buenos Ayres and Europe, but no communication whatever with New York.

The United States and Brazil Steamship company, which runs a line between New York and Rio under a subsidy from the Brazilian government, has offered to furnish the ships, but the Argentine government has not been willing to assume the whole burden of the expense of carrying the United States mails, and Mr. Vilas would not pay any more than the actual postage, so their offer was refused.

Now the Argentines have made a new deal, and on October 5 a bill passed the Senate of that country, and being strongly recommended by the President will without doubt pass the lower house, if it has not already become a law, granting a commission of 5 per cent interest upon the sum of $1,000 to be invested by the Houston Steamship Company of Liverpool, provided they shall establish a regular line of semi-monthly ships making not less than thirteen knots an hour between Buenos Ayres and New York.

The steamers are to be of not less than 3,000 tons burden. The concession is to continue for twenty years. The new service is to begin in January.

Have Argentine officers and fly the Argentine flag. One feature is that each ship shall carry twelve midshipmen to be chosen from the Argentine naval academy, to learn the management of vessels. The company's board of directors is to contain three out of seven Argentine representatives. The service is to begin in January if the necessary legislation is obtained. The grant contemplated is for twenty years.

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT.

A Sensation in the Indiana Female Reformatory Institutions.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 29.—Unknown to the public, Gov. Gray has been making an investigation into the management of the female reformatory, an institution managed exclusively by ladies. The results of the investigation have just been given to the public. The governor is very careful to avoid anything like a sensational report, but he does not conceal the fact that he was surprised and shocked at the developments.

He said that he had a knowledge that there were two methods of punishment in the institution. One was by whipping the girls with a strap. When he visited the place he asked to see the last girl who had been punished in this way. She had been whipped two days before he saw her, but even then there were black and blue stripes on her arms and back, showing where the straps had struck her.

A more common form of punishment was to put refractory inmates in a cell, through the walls of which were too holes a foot apart and three or four feet from the door. The woman's arms were put through these holes and handcuffed together on the outside and compelled to remain in an uncomfortable standing position.

Sometimes she was even placed with her back to the door, her hands being fastened behind her.

One girl testified that she had been kept for three days in this position being only allowed to lie down and sleep at nights. "Such a punishment," said the governor, "I regard as unnecessarily cruel and useless, and I shall recommend to the board of commissioners that it be abolished altogether.

"In other institutions whipping has been aboished and solitary confinement and bread and water diet substituted and I shall recommend that this be tried in all cases where punishment is necessary."

The governor says the inmates complain bitterly of the insolence and abuse of the attendants and officers, and his investigations have convinced him that there was entirely too much freedom of the tongue in the institution.

Whipping and handcuffing are common punishments in the institution, and it has been the custom to call upon a man employed about the place to aid the assistant superintendent on such occasions.

He severely condemns the system which places the penal and reformatory departments under the same management, and says that young girls sent to the reformatory because they are disposed to be wayward are compelled to associate with abandoned and hardened wretches, and necessarily come out worse than when they went in.

The fact that the institution is governed by the ladies and has been managed by them entirely and has been managed for fourteen years without a suspicion by the public that abuses existed, makes the Governor reticent, and he refuses to go into further details.

AGAINST PROHIBITION.

A Bitter Fight in Atlanta Ga., results in the Defeat of the Prohibitionists.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 28.—After the most heated contest on record in the state of Georgia, Atlanta voted against prohibition. For over a month citizens have been engaged in the contest, and meetings have been held every night. Local speakers and foreign statesmen stumped the county from almost every curb-stone in the city and every cross-road in the country. The negro vote was the bone of contention, and was the balance of power. Each side made most strenuous endeavors to secure it in every way possible. The negroes were divided on the subject, but the majorities of them voted for the anti-prohibitionists, who carried the town by 120.

The "wet" and the "dry" editors of the Atlanta *Constitution* gave their opinions to the world on the subject of why Atlanta went "wet." Mr. Evan P. Howell, the "wet," says:

"The prohibition law had been tried for two years, and it had proved a failure. The prohibitionists claim that it did not have a fair trial. The constant agitation of prohibition for years has been the only bad result I have noted so far as it effects the city. There were certainly large quantities of liquor brought into the city every day from neighboring cities, and the large majority given for anti-prohibition was not only a protest against the law, but against the strife and bitterness engendered in the first campaign.

"I am convinced that the conservative men on both sides will come together and throw around the retail side of liquor all necessary restraints, and that it will be better for the city."

The part the women took in the election at the polls has been greatly exaggerated.

Henry W. Grady, the "dry" editor, says:

" * * * The defeat of prohibition was not unexpected. From first to last the negroes were almost solidly against it. Much of this was due to the influence of Yellow-stone Kit, a rich and shrewd medicine vender worshipped by the negroes, who spoke night after night at the anti meetings, and was carried on the shoulders of negr o men

"The part taken in the campaign by the ladies was not significant. Prohibition was not defeated on its merits. The law was too extreme, it being impossible to get even medicinal or sacramental wine without violating it. Its administration has been often unwise. Had it not been for these things, the undeniable good it worked would have overcome the great negro majority against it.

"Atlanta will not suffer seriously. The bar-room as it existed—insolent, political corrupting and ruling—is a thing of the past.

"A conference will be held to devise a plan upon which the people can unite. Not the slightest ill-feeling survives the contest, which was without precedent in vigor and aggresion. A city council is to be elected on December 6. In fighting for that the leaders of the two factions will probably unite on a ticket of the best men in the city, and will seek to elect it by a compact of the conservative element of both sides."

The *Constitution*, which by reason of a division of opinion among the proprietors, took no editorial position in the contest, will urge a union of the best elements of both factions to control the situation.

THEIR GRAVES SELECTED.

A Resting Place for the Dead Anarchists in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 33.—[Special wire.]—The place where the bodies of the anarchists are to be buried, has been selected, and nothing is required now but the formal sanction of the organization before the bodies can be interred. The defense committee met Mr. John Buehl, president of the Waldheim cemetery, and three directors yesterday afternoon, and went to the cemetery with them. The lot chosen is in the northeast quarter of the cemetery.

Two prominent driveways pass it on the northeast and southeast, while to the southwest is one of the largest open spaces in the cemetery. The sub-committee approves of the site because it comprises about 1,200 square feet, or about eight regular lots.

To the north is a large tract of ground containing about 100,000 square feet which can be purchased in connection with the other at a small figure.

East of this last tract, and notheast of the other tract is a plat containing 616 lots which the Central Labor Union contemplates purchasing. There has been no price agreed upon for the lot but it will be a little over 30 cents a foot, making a total of between $400 and $500.

THE BEECHER EULOGY.

Dr. Parker Made $700 Out of it and Plymouth Church Does Not Like It.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The Hon. Deacon S. V. White has written a letter on the Dr. Parker-Beecher eulogy scandal. He closes the letter as follows:

"I hear that Dr. Parker is engaged to preach on December 4, in Plymouth pulpit. If the fact is demonstrated before that time that Dr. Parker received a fee out of the receipts for that eulogy I predict that Plymouth pulpit will, on that day, be too hot to hold him, or at least that if he can endure the caloric of his environment he will look out on a congregation very frigid."

The following dispatch from the English clergyman, dated from Chicago, was received by the *Herald* yesterday:

"To deliver the eulogy at Brooklyn I paid for six thousand miles of travel, suspended my usual work in London for five weeks, paid for the supply of my pulpit during an absence of five Sundays, and for the whole time, work and expense, I received neither more nor less than $700.

"JOSEPH PARKER."

GEN. MARCY DEAD.

The Father-in-Law of Gen. McClellan Passes Away.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Brevet Brigadier General Randolph B. Marcy died at Orange, N. J., last evening. The old soldier was 76 years of age and his death is ascribed to general debility. He was in feeble condition long before fears were entertained of the death of his son-in-law, Gen. George B. McClellan.

He was brevetted brigadier general on March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorous services in the field during the war of the rebellion, and was retired at his own request on January 2, 1881, after over 40 years of service.

THE COUNTRY'S CASH.

The Report of the Director of the Mint—Piles of Money.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—The director of the mint has submitted to the secretary of the treasury his annual report of the operations of the mints and assay offices for the fiscal year 1886.

The value of the gold and silver received at the mints and assay offices during the year was greater than in any previous year since 1881. The value of gold deposited was $68,223,072.

In addition there were re-deposits of the value of $15,193,706. The value of the silver deposited and purchased were $47,756,918. In addition there were re-deposits of silver amounting to $462,113. Of the gold deposited 832,973,027 was of domestic production, $22,571,328 of foreign gold bullion, $9,996,512 of foreign gold coin, $516,984 of United States gold coin, and $2,265,219 of old material.

The coinage for the fiscal year was as follows: Gold, 3,724,720 pieces; value, $22,303,270; silver, 44,321,283 pieces; value, $33,366,483. Minor coins, 50,-165,549 pieces; value, $943,650. In addition to the coinage executed during the year, gold and silver bars were manufactured as follows: Gold $58,188,953; silver $6,481,611.

The silver bullion purchased during the year for the siver dollar coinage, was 29,-433,355 standard ounces at the cost of $25,988,620. The average cost was $0.98,1072 per fine ounce. The average London price for the year at the average rate of exchange, was $0.98,148. The number of silver dollars made was 33,-266,841; 10,901,928 silver dollars were distributed from the mints during the year, and 10,500,000 transferred to the treasury.

The seignorage on the silver dollars coined during the year was $7,923,558, and on the subsidiary silver $31,704. The number of trade dollars redeemed by the treasury of the United States under provisions of the act of March 3, 1887, authorizing their redemption, was 7,689,036. The number imported from the passage of the act to Sept. 4, 1887, was 830,561.

The trade dollars redeemed have all been transferred to the mints of the assay office at New York and melted into bars ready for coinage. The loss by abrasion was 40,-215.79 standard ounces, equivalent to 45,-961 trade dollars. If the trade dollars redeemed are coined into subsidiary silver the profit, exclusive of operative wastage, will be $631,574. If coined into standard silver dollars, $93,004.

The mint at Philadelphia has been taxed to its utmost capacity to execute the large minor coinage demanded of it in addition to the mandatory coinage of silver dollars. Notwithstanding the large number of pieces struck the demand for minor coins is still far beyond the capacity of the mint to promptly fill the orders.

The expenditures for the service of the mints and assay offices during the year was $1,189,509. The expenses of the acid refineries was $165,837, against an earning of $143,258. The total earnings from all sources amounted to $8,842,919, and the total expenses and losses of all kinds to $1,437,432.

The value of the gold and silver bars issued from the United States assay office at New York and the mint at Philadelphia for use in the industrial arts during the year was $8,895,710 gold and $4,471,646 silver. The director estimates the stock of coin in the United States to have been on the 1st of July, 1887, gold $569,008,065; silver, $342,537,910. In addition there was bullion in the mints as follows: Gold, $85,-512,270; silver, $10,455,650. The director estimates the stock of gold and silver coin in the United States on Nov. 1, 1887, to have been: Gold, $574,927,873; silver dollars, $227,710,157; subtidiary silver, $75,758,186.

OUR POSTOFFICES.

Enormous Figures Showing the Work of the Department for a Year.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—The annual report of First Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson shows that the number of postoffices established during the past fiscal year was 3,184. The increase in the whole number of postoffices was 3,138.

The whole number of postoffices in operation June 30, 1887, was 55,157. Appointments of postmasters were made during the year as follows: On resignations and commissions expired, 6,863; on removals and suspensions, 2,584; on deaths of postmasters, 589; on establishment of new offices, 3,033.

The largest increase in the number of officers in any of the states and territories during the year was as follows: Pennsylvania, 218; Georgia, 92; Texas, 77, and Virginia, 74. There was a decrease in the number of officers in but one state—eight in Nevada. There were seven states which, June 30, contained more than 2,000 officers each, as follows: Pennsylvania, 4,119; New York, 3,128; Ohio, 2,834; Virginia, 2,355; Illinois, 2-266; Missouri, 2,117, and North Carolina, 2,110.

As a result of the annual adjustment of postmaster's salaries, which took effect July 1, 1887, 222 offices of the third class were reduced to the forth class, and three offices of the fourth class were assigned to the third class, leaving 2,336 Presidential offices.

The number of money-order offices in operation was 7,745. Of the whole number of this class 610 were in Illinois, 548 in Iowa, 503 in New York, 493 in Ohio, 430 in Pennsylvania, 406 in Kansas, 362 in Michigan, 343 in Missouri and 326 in Indiana. The largest increase in any state during the fiscal year was 64 in Kansas.

Fifty-four thousand four hundred and fifty-three claims had been reviewed up to the end of the fiscal year. Among the principal contract articles consumed by the postal service were about 389 tons of wrapping twine, over 193,000,000 tacing slips, over 60,000,000 blanks and nearly 7,000,000 letter heads. The following recommendations were made: That the deposit of 50 cents for each postoffice box key be reduced to 25 cents; that authority be granted and the necessary appropriation be made by Congress for paying the rent of third-class postoffices.

THE DAY OF TRUSTS.

The Battle Against the Gas Companies in Chicago Watched with Interest.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28—[Special wire.]—In regard to the Chicago Gas Trust, the *Times* this morning says: "This contest in Chicago is one in which the people of other American cities and the people of the whole country are interested, because it is an attempt on the part of the people to escape the thraldom of a trust monopoly. Such monopolies are coming into existence in all parts of the world and, and thus far no remedy for the evil has been applied.

"We are confident that remedies are provided by our laws, but they have not been used. The people of Chicago now have an excellent opportunity to use them.

"A successful application of them for their own protection might lead to the overthrow of trust monopolies elsewhere. One of the lawyers who appeared in the recent suit before Judge Tully suggests that the attorney general of Illinois should begin proceedings to annul the charter of the Trust and the charters of the absorbed companies.

"This suggestion points to a remedy that must eventually, we think, be applied in many cases like this. How good a case can be made against the Gas trust, we do not know for the people seem foolishly to have granted to it a charter which empowers it to do the things which it has done, but as against the absorbed companies proceedings for the annulment or their charters might be based upon sufficient grounds.

"These companies were not authorized nor permitted to merge themselves into a monopoly. The people did not charter them for any such purpose."

INDIANA.

The Condition of Her Finances as Shown by the Auditor's Report.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 23.—[Special wire.]—The state auditor has just completed his annual reports. It is voluminous. Warrants were drawn during the year for $3,975.94; the net cash receipts were $3,866,252; the total distribution from the statehouse funds was $294,647; advance payments have been made by many counties to relieve the temporary embarrassment of the fund, and the December settlements will enable the treasurer to meet current expenses. There have been grants out of the public funds consequent upon the building of various new benevolent institutions, but careful estimates indicate the revenues of the fiscal year will be sufficient to maintain the state's credit and meet all demands, reports to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Winter Wheat Outlook.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28—The following on winter wheat is furnished by the *Farmer's Review*: The outlook for the winter wheat crop is not encouraging. The drouth the past season prevented a proper preparation of the ground and plowing was, as a rule, unusually late. Much of the seeding was done on newly plowed land, which had not time before seeding to become properly compact so as to afford a good hold and feeding ground for the roots.

Rains were experienced sufficient in amount to cause the seed to germinate, but none since sufficient to properly compact the soil.

BUSINESS BAROMETER.

Prospects Good in All Directions, But Not Warranting Wild Speculation.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade say that in all directions business prospects are improving, although the situation nowhere justifies such speculative wildness as has appeared in some branches. Money still goes to the West, even more than to the South. Bankers anticipate some pressure as the new year approaches, but the treasury has increased its deposits with banks $1,572,182 during the past week, and has withdrawn from the market only $900,-000 cash.

Exchanges are running nearly 8 per cent. above those of the corresponding week last year. Railroad earnings are showing an increase exceeding 10 per cent., with shipments from Chicago by rail 5,000 tons larger than for the same week last year. The volume of traffic was never equalled before at this season, though the reaction from the greater activity of September causes, in some branches, a complaint of dullness.

The most important fact is that investment offers for foreign capital in this country still continues. The latest evidence is a sale of $8,000,000 of Northern Pacific bonds to a foreign syndicate, which came at a time when foreign sales of stocks appeared to foreshadow a contrary movement.

In seven months not less than $145,-000,000 must have thus arrived from abroad which has gone far to support the development of railroads, mines, and manufacturers.

Speculation in real estate, nevertheless, and the effects of a partial loss of crops begin to be felt. From most quarters complaints that collections are slower, or only fair, and though a rapid marketing of products has brought relief at some southern and southwest points, at many others money is close and rates high. The country demand still continues. Large railroad earnings are met in many cases by an unwarranted increase of expenses.

Stocks closed Wednesday about 50 cents per share higher than last week, but showed hesitation at the close and declined a fraction later.

Wheat advanced 1¼c; oats, ½c; corn rose sharply: pork advanced 2 cents a barrel; lard 10 cents per 100 pounds; hogs are lower; iron market still weak at Pittsburg, but a shade firmer for No 2 at Philadelphia, because of a scarcity of best grades.

The decline in British exports to this country from 120,608 tons in September encourages trade. Cotton goods are very firm and may advance again. The woolen trade is good, with a few new orders.

The break in the provision market on Wednesday was followed by a recovery the same day.

Coal is higher, although the actual output last week was larger, in spite of the strike, than that of the same week last year.

Overproduction was given as the reason for the curtailment, or stoppage, for some sugar refineries, but prices quickly improved. Current statistics assume the estimates that the world's consumption this year will closely approximate the supply.

The Bureau estimates of the cotton crop are still disputed, but the market has grown stronger in the belief that south western forest fires will delay shipments.

Business failures for the last seven days number for the United States, 187; for Canada, 20; total, 207; as compared with 224 last year and 216 for the corresponding week of 1886.

REPUBLICAN LEAGUES.

The Executive Committee to Hold an Important Meeting.

COLUMBUS, Nov. 28.—There will be a meeting of the executive committee and officers of the Ohio Republican League on Friday night of this week at the Republican state headquarters on East State at 8 o'clock. The principal object of the meeting will be to arrange for a full attendance of delegates from the Ohio League clubs to the National Republican League convention at Chickering Hall, New York city, on December 15, 16 and 17, and to make preliminary arrangements for the first annual banquet to be given by the league in this city on Lincoln's birthday, February 22, 1888. President Dan J. Ryan will be here Friday, and a committee on arrangements for the banquet will be appointed. It is desired for this reason that as many members of the Republican clubs of this city as possible be present.

The national committee of New York will be largely attended from all the states. The delegates-at-large from Ohio are Judge Caldwell, of Cincinnati; Judge R. W. King of Youngstown; N. M. Lehman, of Mansfield, anc Walter S. Thomas, of Delaware. In addition to these, each of the 70 clubs in Ohio will have five delegates and as many alternates.

There will be reduced rates on the railroads to New York and on that occasion the Ohio banquet on Lincoln's birthday will be worked up. The second week in January will have two great banquets in this city: Monday night the Democrats will observe St. Jackson's day and Thursday night the Republicans St. Lincoln's day.

RIDDLEBERGER ON BLAINE.

He Thinks he Can Carry Virginia—Talk on the Tariff.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25.—Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, is here. In speaking of the political outlook he said:

"I think Blaine will be the Republican nominee. There is no other Republican who can possibly carry the country. I don't believe that New York will be the pivotal state. There is no necessity why it should be. If it wants to go Democratic, let it. The Republicans can elect Blaine without it. Virginia, Indiana and New Jersey will win the fight for the Republican party with Blaine as the standard-bearer. At the last Presidential election Virginia went Democratic by 4,000 majority. This time, if Blaine is the nominee, Virginia will give a Republican majority of 20,000."

Referring to the tariff, the Senator with considerable vigor said: "I have only one view upon the subject of the tariff. If I had my way I would build a wall of fire around the United States, and I would not let an Englishman come in with a row of pins. Well, he might come in, but he would have to leave his pins out. What the next Congress will do is problematical, but I think it likely that the tariff will be permitted to rest. There is no special necessity for its resurrection in Congress at this time.

GONE OVER TO TAMMANY.

Irving Hall no Longer Exists as a Politral Institution.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Irving hall, long known as one of the most famous and powerful political rendezvous of the city, will be known no more in political annals.

The party which held this institution together has no longer any claim for existence. The principal leaders of the Irving hall democrats, Chairman Joseph Hooker and Henry Campbell, go over respectively with their followers to Tammany hall and the county democracy.

Irving hall has been counted as a power in New York politics for a period of thirteen years, and had the disposal about 20,000 votes. It was formed originally of Tammany hall "mugwumps," and its numbers grew so rapidly that it soon became a formidable rival of the John Kelly party. Edward Cooper, John Morrissey, James O'Brien, Senator M. Murphy, ex-Sheriff Peter Bowe, Timothy J. Campbell, and other politicians of Tammany hall and the County Democracy had figured largely in the councils of the Irvingites in former years. Its adherents will, after to-night, when the organization was formally dissolved, transfer their allegiance to the regular associations and clubs of the city.

BLAINE'S PLANS.

He Will Return Via San Francisco Five Days Prior to the National Convention.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—[Special wire.]—Mr. James G. Blaine is expected to reach San Francisco, Cal., on his return to the United States, on the 20th of June next. He will return via Japan. Five days after his arrival in San Francisco, the National Republican convention will be held. Mr. Blaine will remain in California until the nomination has been made.

One of Mr. Blaine's party managers, who is responsible for the statement, says, that the Maine statesman will be re-nominated practically without effort.

His presence in California will, it is believed, create such a great furore as to insure him the solid vote of the Pacific slope.

His journey across the continent will be, according to the programme, the greatest ovation ever accorded to an American statesman, not excepting that of Gen. Grant in 1879, Nebraska, Missouri, Kentucky, Ohio and New York, will be visited by him enroute to his home in Augusta, Maine.

IT IS COMING.

The Government to Establish a System of Postal Telegraphy.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Assistant Postmaster-General Knott is reported as saying that he is convinced the government will establish a system of postal telegraphy within three years.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Candidates for the Position of President of France.

PARIS, Nov. 25.—Since President Grevy has decided to resign many anxious hearts are hoping hard and wondering if the presidential shaft will be launched at them, and they be called to assume the head of the republic. It would be hard to find any one among the politicians who is not willing to be brought down by the lucky shot, and silently, one by one, they are ranging themselves in position to be struck, if possible.

M. Grevy's resignation may not be read in the Chamber until next Monday or Tuesday, but it is expected that the messenger, already appointed, will convey it to the Chamber to-night or to-morrow.

M. Ribot is almost hourly in conversation with the President and while he is firm in his opposition to M. Grevy, it is claimed that President Grevy insists upon having a knowledge of the composition of the new cabinet to be formed, and desires a guarantee from them that the conservative policy of the Republic will be continued.

It is doubtful, however, if this privilege will be accorded the President, as the clamor on all sides for his immediate resignation, though now somewhat abated outwardly, is none the less strong in determination.

Last night and to-day armed guards were present at President's palace and, while to all outside appearance everything is quiet, there is an internal feeling of unrest.

To-day President Grevy stubbornly resists the demands for his immediate resignation, and the press unanimously condemns the prolonoration of the crisis.

The *Paix* says that President Grevy will not resign before he has placed the republic in a safe position. It declars that the Orleans princes are very active and warns republicans to reflect on the course they are taking.

A meeting will be held in the Bellville quarter to-night to adopt measures, as the call says, to "conform to the situation."

M. Grevy has Postponed his Resignation Until Thusday—The French Sandal Revived.

PARIS, Nov. 28.—Mme. Limonsin and M. Lorentz exhibited themselves in a cafe in the Rue Gay Lussac. Mme. Limousin gave a reception to students. They listened to her for some time and then becoming disgusted at her adverse remarks of Gen. Boulanger they proceeded to smash glasses, doors, windows, etc., and the women of the cafe were rescued by police and put into a cab in which they were driven away. A mob of students followed and smashed the cab and ill-treated Mme. Limonsin.

Col. Webb, an American resident of Paris, refused, in consequence of the recent scandals, to accept the cross of the Spanish order of Isabella the Catholic, for which he had promised to pay $700. The man who obtained the decoration thereup